

NOTHING TO BEAT IT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 50.

[PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY.]

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 16TH, 1909.

ONE PENNY.

OATINE FOR MEN AFTER SHAVING

It has been said that a man's temperament day by day depends upon the condition of his razor. This may be, or may not be so, but the condition of his face after shaving certainly depends on the razor, and it is a fact that, never mind how fine a condition the razor may be in, the after-effect of shaving is a soreness and chapping of lips and face. This, unfortunately, cannot be avoided, but it can be minimised to such an extent that it is hardly noticeable by the use of good shaving soap, such as either the **Oatine Shaving Cream** (in tubes) or the **Oatine Shaving Stick**, both of which are British made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the **Oatine Soaps** for shaving, do so without delay.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 16TH, 1909.

ONE PENNY.



A MAN'S RESERVE.

A DEFENCE OF THE UNDEMONSTRATIVE CHAP.

It has been said by countless writers that a woman's character is difficult to explain, and it has even been asserted that the wise man will never attempt the task of fathoming it, but women have not the monopoly in this matter, for there are many men who are equally difficult to comprehend. No man suffers more from being misunderstood than the man who has a large amount of reserve. A woman is emotional, and wears her sentiments—at least, the passing ones—more or less upon her sleeve for all to read. The average man hides his feelings more or less, but at times he permits himself to be what might be called sentimental or emotional; that is to say, he allows his feelings to have their way and to be evidenced. The man with reserve does not show his true feelings more than once in a lifetime. The man of reserve is not boorish; boorishness is an entirely different matter, and is obvious, positive, and objectionable. The man of reserve is simply negative. He disappoints those who wish to make friends with him by accepting their overtures in what appears to them an off-hand manner. He seems to be absolutely unresponsive. That is unless you know him. Pierce the reserve by whatever means you like—and it is not easy to do—and you will discover beneath the surface a depth of character which makes your own appear puny and incomplete. Amongst your acquaintances you probably know someone who has this excess of reserve. Possibly you have already given up all hope of cultivating his friendship, for he appears to be unresponsive, but I strongly advise you to do what you can to get to know the inner man. Once you understand him, and you will admit with me that he is generally worth all your other friends put together. There remains about him the continual charm of latent possibility. Even when you know one another thoroughly and are fast friends, he is never more demonstrative than he was when you were mere acquaintances, but you know he has a heart hidden beneath the steel casing, and often it is all the more sensitive for being unobserved and unsuspected by the world at large. The demonstration of friendship between man and man is a strange and complex business. The hearty handshake and the welcome smile are for one another. Often the man of reserve does not indulge in either of these things. And yet he has emotion, to be observed only by those who are keen of observation. He may be the sternest and most taciturn of a troop, but when he dismounts you may see him kiss his horse's nose. If you have observed him do this he will not be pleased, but by observing it you have penetrated his reserve and found a man with all the possibilities of becoming a staunch pal.

OLIVER STOKES.

CHEEK.

The "Daily Mirror" made a lot of the fact that the Pope blessed several journalists' fountain-pens a few days ago, but in this office we have frequently done the same thing on discovering that the beastly things leaked.

A lady has established a school for the purpose of teaching monkeys "to behave like civilised beings." In this age of progress is a similar academy for London children too much to hope for?

It was certainly smart of the South Wales Borderers during the Army manoeuvres to scout with their caps off, in order that the enemy might not see the bands. There are some military bands, however, that we often wish we could not even hear.

It seems that yet another profession is to be added to our general scheme of existence, inasmuch as Messrs. Whiteley are ready to supply a *bon raconteur* well up in "amusing chit-chat" at twenty-four hours' notice. Of course, if Mr. Winston Churchill happened to be abroad, time would have to be allowed for his homeward journey.

The Territorial columns of our newspapers say that the recruits to the Yeomanry regiments are "coming on" well. It is not until the time for mounted drilling arrives that they are likely to come off.

Major Noel Bird has issued a book on "Modern Riding, with Notes on Horse Training." A Yeomanry recruit of our acquaintance says that he could have subscribed a valuable postscript on "Bruises and how to treat them."

Tailors, from Bond Street to Shoreditch, are unanimous in their opinion that the young man who has been disappointed in love is careless of his clothes. Yet we see no reason why a broken heart should not beat fitfully beneath a well-cut waistcoat.

"From the conclusion of the flat-racing season at the Manchester November Meeting to its opening at Lincoln Spring is a far cry," says a sporting paper. Certainly—and a bitter one, too, when the N. H. favourites persist in falling, with sickening repetition, at the first fence.

The fashion page in a periodical for which we have the highest esteem gave a lengthy dissertation on "How to Keep Ties." Perhaps the simplest way, however, is to lock 'em up.

A pugilistic young gentleman has written to ask us if we can put him in the way of a little practice in rough-and-tumble fighting. We suggest a Budget protest meeting.

J. B. PONDERS.

AUTUMN REVELATIONS.

"Thou . . . whose life doth still a splendid dying seem."—W. WATSON.

It is fortunate for our enjoyment of Nature that we have short memories. Were it otherwise, our delight in the changes of Nature's aspects as the year runs on to the end might conceivably be less keen and our impressions less vivid than they are.

But it is astonishing how fresh each season's changes break upon our sight. Though we have seen the beginnings of spring year after year, though we have revelled in summer heat through twenty—thirty summers, though we have watched the revelations of autumn for just as long, and have faced the winter's snowstorms and blizzards, yet each season as it approaches finds us waiting for it as for some new experience.

The new season may also find us just a little weary of the one we are leaving behind, just as one feels weary in the long swelter of a heat wave, and looks every day for the cloud that will bring the rain.

And when the rain falls! What infinite refreshment; what scents rise up from the earth; and how we listen and almost slake our thirst with the moist, steady pelting of the thunder shower on the leaves that are just beginning to curl up and turn yellow!

We realise the shortness of our memories more than ever at the fall of the year, when the earth is being uncovered, when leaves come down, and flowers die off, and herbage turns brown and bent.

For weeks we have looked upon the green exterior of the woods and hedges; the dark interior has been a mystery, a land impenetrable to us, and only inhabited by the wild creatures.

Now every day new scenes are being revealed. The wood that appeared of unlimited extent is after all but a few yards deep, and we can see daylight the other side, through a maze of trunks and branches that have none of the obscuring effects of leaves.

Everywhere there is active preparation for winter. At immense distances up in the skies diligent watchers will catch sight of huge flocks of birds passing steadily to warmer climates.

This wave of bird migration fills the mind with many speculations. There, above, are tens of thousands of birds moving swiftly with all the confidence of expert knowledge or instinct, away from the cold of winter; birds that at summer time seem to take no flight longer than a field or two without a rest.

There seems to be more light about the earth than ever, chiefly because there is less cover, and the creatures of the wild have to show themselves, whether they would or not.

Close your ears for a spell while you stand in the wood. Then open them suddenly and you will realise that there is around you an immense variety of unceasing sound made by wind and weather and birds and animals.

These are seldom noticed but they go to make up much of the character of the countryside.

T. W. GARDEN.

SPORTING STRATEGY

HOW BRAINS TELL.

Nearer and nearer the horses thunder towards the winning-post. There are only two "in it"—Clan Ranald, as handsome a bay as ever stepped as if dancing on eggshells; and Warrior, a fiddle-faced, ugly brute, but a magnificent stayer.

A young and dashing jockey is up on Clan Ranald, but the Warrior is ridden by an old hand, one of the astutest of English horsemen.

Clan Ranald's rider has shown excellent judgment, he has carefully nursed his mount, and knowing where danger most threatened, kept a steady eye on Warrior and his wily rider.

And now, a bare hundred yards from the post, he leads. He must win; Warrior can keep on till Doomsday, but is not good for a spurt; his lead is enough, even though the gallant bay is tiring; victory is in sight, and the thrill of it runs riot in his veins.

FOOLED!

Warrior's jockey sees that he is beaten, but he tries a last desperate throw. Up goes his whip, and the boy ahead hears him flogging. Warrior's rider, he thinks, is spurting; he grows flurried, forgets his orders to sit still and let the horse do the rest; up goes his whip and comes down swish on the bay's heaving flank. O fatal error! The bay swerves under the unmerited punishment, falters, changes his legs, and Warrior, whose jockey, knowing that it is useless to call on his mount, has been carefully flogging his boot, so as to flurry the "young 'un," plods on and wins by the length of his ugly nose.

To the boy's mortification is presently added the knowledge that he has been "jockeyed" out of the race, tricked into hustling his mount when he should have sat still, and all by a piece of sporting strategy as old as racing itself. "Jockeyed," but fairly jockeyed, for sometimes "jockeying" is but a euphemism for swindling.

"Generalship" plays an important part in sport or games, and many a man has won fame by using his head when his skill was nothing remarkable. There have probably been faster soccer forwards than Mr. G. O. Smith, deadlier shots and trickier dribblers, but his mastery of the strategy of the game made him supreme.

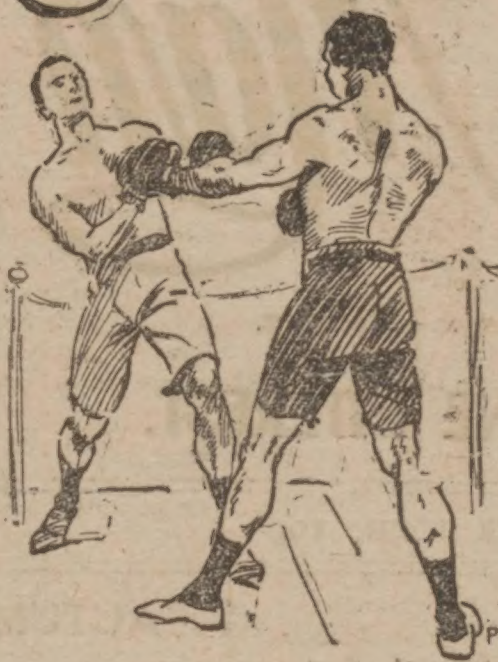
CRICKET JOCKEYING.

The late and much-lamented Johnny Briggs was essentially a strategic bowler, he "jockeyed" batsmen into getting themselves out; while as a fieldsman he had an old, but none the less effective, trick of pretending to misfield a ball, and many a batsman did he run out by this deceitful, but still legitimate, device.

In boxing, generalship or ringcraft is of the utmost importance. The Americans are essentially "heady" boxers. They find out an opponent's weak points, and craftily, patiently play up to his weakness till the inevitable opening comes, and the unfortunate boxer, lured into doing the very thing he knows he ought not to do, that he has been warned to avoid, is counted out.

The light, nimble man dancing round a big, heavy opponent, tricking and goading him into exhausting himself in futile, bull-like rushes, is a common example of ring strategy.

Then a very old, but still often effective, trick is for a boxer to pretend to be far more spent than he really is; he comes up shaky on his pins, his guard half dropped, to all appearance in a very bad way; the other man sails in to finish him off, neglects to maintain his own guard, and is met with a sudden, unexpected, and staggering punch



which completely turns the tables, perhaps loses him the battle there and then.

In cycling, running, and walking there is great scope for strategy. A famous racing cyclist once told me how he cleverly "jockeyed" a rival out of a race. The other man went off with the lead, and set a pace too hot to suit my friend, who was in the dilemma between letting his rival get hopelessly far ahead and exhausting himself in the effort to keep up with him.

Being a strategist, he quietly instructed his pacers, from time to time, to sprint up to his rival, though he himself maintained a level speed, and did not sprint with his pacers. The ruse was successful; the leader, thinking every time the front wheel of the pacer came up with him that his rival was

trying for the lead, spurred in turn, and soon wore himself out in a series of desperate sprints, while my friend plodded along quietly in the rear and eventually won easily.

Another form of sporting strategy is to put your opponents off their game—I mean, of course, by fair means—for at billiards and similar games to speak on an opponent's stroke is not strategy, but a very dirty trick.

But there are legitimate ways of preventing an opponent from making the most of his skill.

For example, when the young Crystal Palace football team won undying fame by defeating Newcastle United in the first round of the "Cup," and on Newcastle's own ground, they did so by strategy.

HOW THE PALACE WON.

The Palace ordinarily played good, scientific football, but on this occasion, realising that their science was as nothing compared with that of Newcastle, who were essentially a "pattern-weaving" team, they abandoned their usual game and played kick and rush, opportunist football. The result was that the Newcastle men were put off their game: they never had time to settle down to their chess-board moves, and the Palace won. It was excellent sporting strategy.

In pure sport—I mean field sports as opposed to athletics—success largely depends on the sportsman's strategy, though such manoeuvres as imitating the call of an animal in order to lure its mate to a certain spot, disguising oneself, and so on, come under the heading of sporting minor tactics rather than that of strategy.

Strategy is the plan of campaign, tactics the execution of the details thereof.

However, apart from that, the object of these remarks is to remind sportsmen that in sport as in other walks of life brains will tell. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Sporting strategy will often enable a man to succeed where otherwise he would fail. But mind that your strategy is sporting and does not degenerate into unfairness.

D. S. HAMPSON.

A SPORTSMAN'S EMBROCATION.

Here is a very good recipe which will cure the aches and pains which a sportsman sustains in the course of his recreations.

Take half a pint of turpentine and one egg. Put these into a large bottle, cork it, and then shake until it becomes a thick cream. When this has been done, gradually add a quarter of a pint of vinegar, and put into small bottles ready for use.

This embrocation will keep for years. It is greatly improved by the addition of a lump of camphor.

Remember when applying this or any other embrocation that hard, steady rubbing is necessary. Do not use friction only, but press the muscle affected.

MALE EMOTIONS.

XII. DESIRE.

There are some emotions which are like the spending of money—you've got to be careful with them. You can get rid of your money in a multitude of ways—in fact, it often seems to possess an infernal knack of getting rid of itself without any help—and you can expend your desires upon things that are not worth a rap.

The quality of a man's desire is indicative of his character. He can long for all sorts of fine things and all sorts of beastly things, and it isn't exactly the fact that he desires them, but how strong the desire is, that counts.

The average day of the average man sees him under the influence of desire more than any other emotion. He wishes he could stay in bed for another ten minutes, that he could mount his bicycle and go for a long spin in the country, with the wind humming softly past his ears, instead of sprinting for the train that will carry him remorselessly to his sedentary toil. He longs with all the intensity of a healthy frame that he could afford a slap-up six-course dinner instead of the usual steak and pudding and roll. He wishes to heaven that his guv'nor wouldn't develop abnormal energy, just about the time when he wants to get off home, and he has a thousand and one other desires which need not be enumerated, but which will occur to him if he takes the trouble to think.

But when concerned with everyday matters there is more quantity than quality about desire. At its worst it is an irritation or a disappointment; at its best it gives little inward spurts of pleasure which suffice to keep a fellow cheerful.

You have to scrutinise the things outside a man's general habits to discover what he is. Character leaks out in secret unsuspected places, not with the full stream of self-confession; and desires that are big and momentous are often strangely reticent about themselves, and have to be guessed at.

Quite properly, too. Whether it is the heart's desire or an unholy desire, it is just as well to keep it hid from the world.

I am solemnly sure that in the heart of every man there is at least one fine, uplifting desire. I have neither the presumption nor the disrespect to attempt to describe what it is. Often it is not to be put into words. All that the man knows is that it is there, inarticulate, but immense in its influence. He doesn't hope to have it fulfilled. That would mean the completion of existence, and a man's reach must exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?

As for unholy desires, they also are a fellow's private concern. Pry into them and he is your enemy for bad and all. We have all had experience of them, and, gratified or frustrated, the memory of them is an ill thing to bear.

There are doubtless many who would consider an analysis of the emotion of desire incomplete without some study of its relation to love.

Love is tremendously more than desire (as I hope to show next week), and I have already said sufficient to prove that desire can exist without love.

Desires have infinite variety. We can desire money, renown, the admiration and liking of others, the satisfaction of an appetite; we can do desire to win, which, when the right methods are used, is the best of all in this tangled existence.

Desire that is born of love cannot be disposed of in a few glib words. It digs right down to the core of things. It is the mysterious force which Nature uses to ensure the continuity of the species. It is to the young a vast and terrible mystery, a darkness with strange flames of beauty appearing and disappearing in it; what Shakespeare called "a madness most discreet, a choking gall, and a preserving sweet."

Those who would upbraid youth for what is the most poignant emotion, and term the emotion and its are guilty of the most damnable ignorance and modesty as foul as it is false; for it is an inward ment of the Maker of Laws, not, as they hypocritically pretend, the creatures obeying laws.

A RACING STORY.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

MR REGINALD'S RACEHORSE



the chucker-out, 'and I'll see whether you'll dare to refuse me admission on this stand.'

"They were selling Mincing Nora over by the Weighing

Room, and suddenly I felt young Mr. Reginald smack me on the back as I was idly listening to the biddin', which was far from brisk.

"What's the highest bid up to now?" he asked.

"Hundred and sixty guineas," I told him.

"The next minute you could have knocked me over with a bookie's brief.

"Hundred and sixty-five!" says Mr. Reginald.

"And when the hammer fell to his bid, he told me it had nearly broke him.

"You should have seen Sterry's face, when he heard the news from Mr. Reginald's own lips on the owners' stand.

"Hanged if you aren't a plucked 'un," says old Sterry; 'but now you've got the horse, what are you goin' to do with it?'

"Has it ever struck you, sir, precisely, how helpless a man who's bought a racehorse must feel when he has only one pound, five shillin's, and fourpence left in the world?"

"That was Mr. Reginald's position to the ha'penny.

"Old Sterry cheered him up with the remark that it would never do to tell the Old Man, or there looked like bein' an amateur Hell. He then favoured Mr. Reginald with a glimpse into what the expenses of keepin' a horse in trainin' consisted of. He'd got to the part where the small items of the travelling lad's exes came in, to say nothing of the trainer's fees, and stabling, when Mr. Reginald begged him to stop.

"Let me inform you," he says, cutting old Sterry's statistics short, 'that the estimable young gentleman who will one day be the ninth Baron Linglehurst is allowed, by his economical father, thirty miserable shillin's a week, so that he may learn to appreciate the value of money!'

"Good Lord," says old Sterry, and I (then being) on a princely income which I did in subsequently) nearly fainted.

"There's only one thing for it," I says. 'You'll have to put that horse in the overnight selling race here to-morrow. Entries close at the Weighing Room, six p.m. I'll ride it —'

"And it can run in my name and colours," says old Sterry. 'Then it'll have to be sold, win or lose!'

"That night Mr. Reginald finds a wire awaitin' him at the principal hotel sayin' the Old Man had gone home again—whereat he was faced with a horrible necessity of having to pay the hotel bill—all out of that one pound, five an' fourpence.

"In addition to this, he arrived at the meetin' late next day after a sleepless night, only to find that old Sterry had placed every penny of his ready money on Mincing Nora to win the 2.30 Selling Race, so he couldn't borrow any.

"Poor little Mr. Reginald! When I was mounted on Mincing Nora, he rushed up to me and asked if I could oblige him with a temporary loan, but I'd been racing too long to be mug enough to bring money down to the course.

"Then look here, Sneller," he says to me, 'I want you to remember this as long as you live. See this?'

"He holds up a half quid.

"Well," he says, 'the lord almighty owner of Mincing Nora is going to stagger the market with the huge investment of a dollar each way on his horse!'

"Doncaster" stopped, and pulled at his pipe.

"Go on, man," I cried, "what about the race?"

"Race?" he said, slowly, "there wasn't any race as far as Mincing Nora was concerned. We'd gone a furlong, and—well, the race was over."

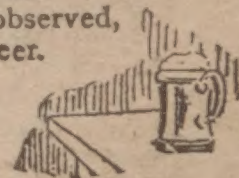
"You were out of it?"

"Mincing Nora never lived to reach the winning post," he said, in broken accents.

"She dropped dead!" I exclaimed, excitedly.

The diminutive "Doncaster" looked at me.

"What a clever feller you are, sir," he observed, and drained to the dregs his tankard of beer.



"But, just as I bet old Sterry on the strict q.t., that kid's sporting instincts, born and bred in him for generations and generations, had to come to the front one day, and it was at a little Midland Meetin' of no consequence in the annals of racin', that he broke loose.

"Times out of number he'd had to stand with his aristocratic sire listenin' to the 'heads' ladlin' out the cream of stable information; then watch the horse they'd tipped roll home when he couldn't get out of the Old Man's presence to have a penny piece on it. Imagine his feelin's!"

Mr. Sneller buried his nose in the tankard for a space.

"To continue. I could hardly believe me eyes when one Autumn afternoon just before the Leger Mr. Reginald turns up in Tattersall's alone.

"Did it lovely!" he says to me and old Sterry. 'When the train was stopped at March, I suddenly told the Old Man that I had spotted, on the platform, a bookie who'd been sending me circulars and askin' me to bet with him. The Old Man promptly jumps out of the carriage to slay him, or something, and off goes the blessed train! Moreover, that was the last special runnin' here to-day. So I'm going to enjoy my little self for a change—and I'm not exactly broke either. He makes me save my allowance, you see!'

"He had a handful of quids—lovely to look upon! Excuse me, sir."

For a space it seemed as though Mr. "Doncaster" Sneller would burst into tears.

"The unfortunate thing, sir, was that Mr. Reginald could not go wrong that afternoon. He bet with as much confidence as a man who does it on the nod. By the time of the fourth race he was a cool hundred in front, and had treated himself and old Sterry to two bottles of the best fizz at Tattersall's Bar.

"The fourth race was a sellin' race, and his dad had one entered—a good 'un in that company.

"Now Mr. Reginald used to keep 'Ruff's Guide' under his bloomin' pillow in his palatial home in Kensington; consequently he could weigh up form to an ounce.

"Surely," he said to Sterry, 'the Old Man doesn't reckon his Percival's Pride has got the wraith of a chance against Mincing Nora?'

"I've instructions to back Percival's Pride," said the trainer, winking, as much as to say that it was a doddle for the horse.

"Well I hope you'll plank plenty on it," says Mr. Reginald, 'so I shall get a better price about Mincing Nora.'

"And strike me if it wasn't a doddle for Mincing Nora! She beat me into second place, pullin' up, by about six lengths. Mr. Reginald, with notes stuffed in his wallet, was quite cocky about it, and the first thing he did was to bunk up to the owners' and trainers' stand with the intention of chipping old Sterry about his judgment.

"But old Sterry twigs him comin' and kids to the chucker-out, who kept an eye on the stand, to warn Mr. Reginald off on the ground that he was not an owner. But Mr. Reginald sees Sterry laughing to himself up top and tumbles to it.

"You wait two minutes, young man," he says to

The gloom of the back end of the flat-racing season had begun to cast a mantle over the otherwise cheery little town of Newmarket, when the eve of a bye-gone Cambridgeshire found me in the tile-floored parlour of an old-world hostelry, where it is yet possible to obtain the product of the hop in an unadulterated form.

In this little red-blinded, dimly lit room the Great Ones of the Turf have sat, and sometimes, over the flickering firelight, it is possible to imagine those fine gentlemen of other days, sitting against the chimney corner, or ringed round the fire, pulling at churchwardens like unto the pair that are crossed over the mantelpiece, while they talked of horses which were then making Turf history, and whose blood courses in the veins of the champions of to-day.

As I entered the bar that evening a cheery voice greeted me from the one armchair that the place boasted, and I knew that the diminutive "Doncaster" Sneller, erstwhile promising lightweight in the days when trainers were trainers, had managed to raise sufficient from his old patrons to keep his tankard replenished, and the bowl of his blackened clay reeking.

"Yes, I be fit an' well, Mister," he said in reply to the usual query; "but that's all, y' know. It ain't much use havin' a horse in the finest o' the lot if you ain't got the shekels to plank down to him."

"Now is it, sir?" "Doncaster" had the neatest way of asking for a drink that I have ever heard outside Fleet-street. I invited him to partake of the usual—was not long before he became reminiscent.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I've ridden for some pots in my time—scions of the bloomin' aristocracy—the present period of all bein' my connection with old days, merely 'Mr. Reginald.'"

"Linglehurst?" I exclaimed. "Surely that's the temperance Reformer—something to do with the Anti-Everything-Sporting League."

"Ah, now you're surprised, sir—but not 'arf so surprised as I am." Mr. Sneller gazed despondently at his empty tankard. A respectful, fat, little man, wearing a frothy-topped brown mugs on the wooden table beside us.

"Yes," the old puller of racehorses continued, "Mr. Reginald, in the days of his innocent youth, was what you might term *very* hot stuff. He'd been expelling from a big public school for makin' a book on the Derby in the playground, and layin' all the members of the lower forms to points under the odds, because they couldn't calculate. It was like playin' snooker with a colour-blind marker, and I was not surprised when I 'eard that the Head treated him accordingly."

"He followed that up in an exam. at Oxford by describin' as his opinion of the 'finest horse in history' 'Persimmon winning the Derby.' After that the young gentleman, on company with his majority, insists on goin' racin' in 'Now, his sire, the Honourable Philip Valeham, the 'cutest cards that ever tried to cut 'em up in the Linglehursts' family name—was one more than losin' a race by a short head, it was his

"You aren't half clever enough at this game to matchin' yourself against the Hebrews, my boy," the old gentleman used to say. 'Let me catch you havin' as much as a bob on a horse and I'll back your allowance down to eighteenpence a week for cigarettes.'

Mr. Sterry, his dad's trainer, so that he could get the job—which wasn't often.

the job—which wasn't often.

the job—which wasn't often.

the job—which wasn't often.



AN ARTICLE FOR THE DRESSY MAN, AND OTHERS.

The saying that you can tell a man by his boots has become so generally accepted as true, and so many people size a stranger up by his boots as much as his face, that it pays to give some attention to those important items of a man's wardrobe.

The list given below no doubt contains several pairs which might be dispensed with, but what I shall endeavour to give is the minimum on which a man can consider himself completely rigged out.

First, as regards ordinary walking boots, the townsman will require at least one smart pair of brown and one of black.

If he cannot afford more than the minimum, he will do well to stick to boots instead of shoes, and let them be plain, but stout. Anything at all out of the common should be avoided, for they may not look well with every suit, and will have to stand much hard wear. Boots with fancy tops should be avoided if you will be obliged to wear them often, for they look bad with a tweed suit, and are more conspicuous when they begin to get shabby.

FOR THE TOWNSMAN.

The ideal plan for town wear, however, is to have, if possible, one pair each of black and brown boots, and also of black and brown shoes.

In this case I would suggest that the shoes be light, ornamental brogues—the black ones may be of patent leather—and the boots quite plain.

If you object to shoes, brogue boots look very well, but nowadays—thanks, perhaps, to the possibilities in socks—shoes are very popular, and any personal prejudice against them should be reconsidered.

Besides these everyday boots and shoes, a pair of patent leather button boots will be almost necessary, for these may be used either with evening dress or with a morning or frock-coat.

If you prefer, however, to wear fancy-topped boots with the latter, I should recommend you to have a pair of light patent Oxford shoes for evening wear. This gives more variety to your wardrobe, and often enables you to avoid taking your pumps in your pocket to an evening function. Many men even dance in Oxford shoes.

SLIPPERS.

In any case you will, of course, need the pumps to which I have referred, and also a pair of ordinary house-slippers for knocking about in. Those of soft brown or dark red leather are as good as any.

Don't wear your best patents always, especially if you are a dancing man, for, apart from their soon becoming cracked and shabby, they get worn down and stretch until they are spoilt for dancing in.

The next item is a pair of heavy shooting boots, or, if you are a Territorial, of marching or ammunition boots. These will require to be kept soft and waterproof with oil or dubbin.

For the townsman one pair will probably suffice; when he goes to camp his thinner town boots may be taken as the necessary second pair, and will be just what he wants for walking out in.

The countryman, on the other hand, will probably have two, if not three, pairs of these stout boots, and will dispense with some, or all, of the lighter walking boots first referred to.

The boots or shoes required for various

THE BOOTS A MAN NEEDS

sports add, in many cases, considerably to the necessary number.

Football boots, rubber shoes for tennis or gym., spiked running shoes, cycling shoes, riding boots may all be necessary, and perhaps also cricket boots.

A LUXURY.

White boots, again, are considered necessary by many—even non-cricketers—and certainly they look most smart with white flannels. But brown shoes will usually fill the bill quite well, and unless you are in the habit of wearing white flannel trousers very frequently, it seems hardly worth while to invest in white boots or shoes.

The mounted Territorial must still further increase his stock of footwear by the addition of a pair of Wellingtons.

Ordinary walking-out Wellingtons seem usually to be sold in a more or less furry state, which renders them quite incapable of taking a good polish. The only remedy for this is boning—a process by which the leather is rubbed smooth by the polished bone of a deer; if this is difficult to obtain, the bone handle of a tooth-brush will answer the purpose fairly well.

The boots of the Household Cavalry, which present such an enormous surface of black leather, have nearly all been treated to a sound boning, and if you want to appreciate the effect, go and look at yourself in the boots of one of the mounted sentries at the Horse Guards.

APPEARANCE WITH ECONOMY.

In some corps dress Wellingtons are also necessary, but an excellent substitute for these at about half the price is a pair of patent elastic-sided boots, which look just as well, while the set of the overall is not appreciably affected by the absence of the superfluous leather round the calf.

Of the prices of boots it is impossible to say anything, for they differ so enormously; but many men give a great deal more than is necessary, and a sixteen-shilling boot would often serve them almost as well as one for which they pay twenty-six to thirty shillings.

It is one of the few cases connected with clothes where it does not always pay to buy the most expensive article, and undoubtedly quantity is to a certain extent preferable to quality. One thirty-shilling pair of boots is not as useful as two pairs at half the price, even though it may outlive them both.

L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE BEST COLOUR FOR A HORSE.

It is a threadbare axiom that a good horse cannot be a bad colour, but for all that certain prejudices do exist against some colours, and it cannot be but admitted that horses of certain shades are not such a good shape as others of a different colour.

A grey is never so shapely or comely as a chestnut or bay, though the dappled grey is a handsome fellow, and it is a pity that he is not so popular as he should be.

The roan, especially the blue roan, is as showy an animal as anyone need wish to possess.

White horses used to be considered delicate, and men seldom care for a white hunter on account of the extra trouble and care he needs in bad weather and after heavy going.

Black horses are either grand fellows or most inferior cattle, but there is a good deal of foolish prejudice against a black horse in real life—though he is a prime favourite with fiction writers.

But a brown is a good serviceable colour, and if he suits in all other respects what more does a man require?

The man who does not object to temper in a horse may try his luck with the chestnut and the bright bay, and these are always fashionable, for they look so attractive.

But really colour is all a matter of taste.

THE GLEANER.

A HUMAN EPISODE.

It was growing dusk, and in those flashy appointed lodgings in a third-rate hotel the woman waited.

"He is late," she said to herself, glancing at the hideous gilt thing on the mantelpiece which styled itself a timekeeper and kept no accurate count of it.

She remembered the days when he never kept her waiting the fraction of a second without an apology and a gift.

Why have women such good memories, and men such easy consciences?

The question interested her for a moment; she looked out into the street, where the rain was falling sullenly and persistently.

Her thoughts went back to the man whose she had chosen to share without the blessing of Holy Church.

The last time she had reproached him for being late he had struck her. He had struck her for other reasons since then.

The man sows wild oats and the woman gleans.

There was a step on the stair and the door flew open. The man banged it to after him.

How different he was from the man who had persuaded her that his love was worth losing everything for!

His love! She knew what that was worth now. She also knew that the proper way to spell the word was lust—they both begin with "l," that is all, but it is the reason so many fools make mistakes.

"You are late," she said.

"Tired of waiting, I suppose," he sneered. "Well, my girl, it is the last time you'll have to complain."

"The last time?" she repeated.

"Yes." He sat down in a chair and put his hand in his pocket. "We've come to a parting of the ways to-night. I'm going North by the midnight express."

"Why did you not tell me before?" she quired, sharply. "I have many things to see to."

"You can see to them after I have gone," he broke in. "Don't be a fool, Nell—I am gone alone."

"Alone?"

"Yes. You see, Nell, I am going back to be a respectable citizen and all that. The old man is dead, and everything is changed."

"You cad!" she breathed.

He took no notice—only drew his hand out of his pocket, and with it a roll of notes.

"I don't intend to be mean to you, Nell. Here's enough to keep you going for some time, and you should need help, well"—just a little purse here—"I'm not an ungenerous man."

Oh, no. He had only taken all from her, and he purposed to pay her with something less than he would give for a horse.

She let him go without a word. He would not feel the lash of her tongue—what would have been the use of upbraiding him?

She was the gleaner of that rich harvest of wild oats—the sower went scot-free.

* * * * *

"What's that, constable?" a tussy old body asks.

"Only a woman, sir. Just got out—been in the water some time."

And the poor remnant of humanity is hurried away.

And her betrayer?

He is a highly respected because he is a wealthy man.

He lives in a great mansion, and his wife has a title.

He gives freely to all charitable institutions, and that publish a list of donors.

He reaps what others have sown.

But the one who gleaned the evil which he himself sowed so plentifully sleeps in a sunny grave.

For one sows and another reaps.

A. M. STEWARD.



HINTS ON RUGGER

SOME TIPS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Rugby was at one time entirely a "class game," played only by the public schools and 'Varsities, but of late years it has come into favour with the masses, both as players and spectators.

In Wales, and in the North, many of the best teams are largely recruited from working-men players—the Northern Union, of course, entirely so—and even in the South Rugby is no longer the exclusive preserve of the gilt-edged amateur.

Rugby is essentially a strong man's game. True, the old type of Rugby forward, heavy, slow, and ponderous, picked mainly for his weight, and expected to shove and do nothing but shove, has given way to the modern fast forward, capable of doing his hundred yards in 11 seconds and even less, an adept at passing, but none the less the Rugby player must be a strong man, absolutely sound in wind and limb.

The functions of back and forward are no longer so distinct as they were, and a man may shine in more than one position—most of the "All Blacks" could play anywhere—but for convenience's sake we will take the various players in order.

First of all there is the full-back. Naturally he must be a sure tackler, and as plucky as you make 'em. A man who is the least bit of a funk-stick should never aspire to the post of full-back. As a forward his weak tackling might pass unnoticed, but at full-back he is bound to be exposed.

THE FULL-BACK.

Next to being a good tackler, a full-back must be a long and sure kick with either foot. Excellence in this department is simply a matter of practice.

He should also be a safe "field." The full-back who mulls the ball will let his side down every time, especially in these days of fast forwards, who will be on him before he has time to recover.

Here, again, practice is the only way of attaining perfection. A good plan is to play "kicking" matches against a pal as follows: he drops or punts off from the twenty-five flag towards you, you kick back from the point where you catch or stop the ball, and so on until the longer kicker back, and can drop, or place a goal.

Place-kicking is a useful accomplishment for a full-back, as he is not so likely to be pumped as other players.

Judgment is a very necessary quality in a full-back; indeed, it makes all the difference between a great back and a merely good one. By "intelligent anticipation" of an opponent's intentions a really fine full-back will save many a try.

Defence is a full-back's main duty, but he will sometimes get a chance of a run, and may even score.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

The commonest fault in a full-back is holding on to the ball too long, with the result of being collared before he can get his kick in. Make sure of getting your kick in every time, and in nearly every case of finding touch as well, and you are in a fair way to greatness as a full-back.

To come to the three-quarters, the wing man must above all things be fast and resolute. He should also be able to swerve while going at top speed, and he should assiduously practise taking passes. It is not his duty to pass, but still he should be able to do so on occasion. A reverse pass, or pass inwards from the wing, is often very effective.

He should be a pretty good kick. A very effective manœuvre for the winger is to punt across to the unguarded side of the field and then, following up straight ahead at top speed, to put his men on-side.



The main duty of the centre three-quarter is to make openings for his winger.

Though he need not be very fast, he should be able to run, and particularly should he practise dodging and swerving. He should always try to draw the opposing centre and winger on to him before passing to his winger. Feinting to pass is often effectual, and leaves the centre with a clear run in, but beware of holding on to the ball too long. A good centre should never be collared with the ball unless he means to be, as, for example, when he has no one to pass to, or a pass would be useless.

GOAL-DROPPING.

The centre should be a good drop-kick, for he will get many opportunities of dropping goals. At the same time he should never drop for goal when he has a chance of putting his winger on the road for a try.

The centre three-quarter must be unselfish, a remark which applies with even greater force to the half-back. A selfish half is worse than useless, for he completely spoils his side's chances of scoring. Nevertheless, a half may be too unselfish. A poor half passes the ball the moment he gets it, with the result that the three-quarter who receives it has to face the full strength of the opposition. A good half should always try to draw at least one of the opposing backs on him before he passes.

As to passing in general, the great thing is to give an easy pass, and the ball should reach the man who is to take it, waist-high and a little in front of him.

The right moment to pass is just when you are collared. You want to judge matters so that your opponent must collar you, and therefore be temporarily lost to his side; at the same time you must part with the ball before he can collar it.

THE PLUCKY HALF.

A half must be a good plucked 'un, as he will often have to stop forward rushes, and he should be able to kick quickly with either foot and at any angle. Short, sharp punts into touch are very useful. Half-back is the most strenuous position on the field, and short, wiry men usually excel at it. It is also, perhaps, the most important post in the game, for on the half depend scoring possibilities for his backs, while it is equally his duty to prevent the other side from getting openings.

As I have said, the modern forward has got to be fast, and able to pass. He should also be a good dribbler, forward rushes being a great feature of the modern game.

But scrummaging was the forward's original rôle, and to a great extent still is. The great thing in scrum work is to get your head down, partly because this enables you to follow the ball in the scrum, partly because you cannot shove properly with your head up. Moreover, keeping your head well down will save you many a sore and torn ear.

The forward must follow the ball, and be ready to break up like lightning from the scrum. He should practise getting the ball from touch, and also dribbling at top speed.

R. MCW. WRIGHT.

THROUGH THE COUNTRY IN A TRAP.

A GLIMPSE OF RURAL LIFE.

There is a peculiar pleasure, to the man whose locomotion is done chiefly by mechanical means, in the simple and everyday act of driving in an open trap, or even in a slow moving farm cart, along the hard high road.

It is so entirely different from any other method of travelling in all its sensations. It seems, when all's said and done, to be the most natural way of passing through the country.

In the town—the big town that has risen to the dignity, or otherwise, of a city—this peculiar pleasure is by no means so strongly felt. There are too many cares and too much watchfulness required to allow the mind to appreciate the surroundings, even though they should be well worth appreciation.

But out in the country, where field and hedge and hedge and field stretch away on every side in open contentment, there is about a brisk drive something that cannot fail to make a wide and many-sided appeal to the sportsman.

That he is in the country is something, but that he is sitting up behind a sturdy cob or willing mare, and that he is raised just high enough above his immediate surroundings to give him a glimpse of the wider aspects of the landscape through which he is passing, is a good deal more.

For a horse is good company at all times, and best when time is not pressing and when the air is fresh and the road pleasantly dry after the last thunderstorm.

It does not seem to me that there is very much pleasure in driving if speed is of vital importance, for then one feels the superiority of the motor-car as a means of progression, and one's mind is more set upon reaching the appointed place in time than upon the enjoyment of the sensations to be experienced in bowling along a green lane in a trap.

Where speed is the first consideration, I believe in the railway train, the motor-car, or the bicycle, but the ideal conditions for driving a horse are only to be found when you are free to make your own time of arrival and departure—in fact, when you go out for driving itself and not with the fixed purpose of "getting there."

Then we can cover the ground comfortably and without haste. The steady lilt and motion of the trap keeps the muscles taut and the back straight, which is fortunate, for the trap is no lounge, and few sights are more depressing than a slovenly whip or a lolling companion.

The air brushes pleasantly on the face, and now and then there is the warm scent of mingled horse-flesh and leather that to me at any rate appeals with a peculiar force. The motorist may tingle with anticipation, or kindle to greater keenness when he sniffs the suffocating whiff of petrol, but to the senses of countrymen and horsemen and air-loving fellows, such as all good sportsmen are, this scent of sweat and leather and the faintest suggestion of a stable make a unique appeal.

There is the glow or vigorous animal life about it all, of clean-cut, shapely muscles working with practised ease, and of the strength that takes the collar with a willing grip. The whip-lash trails behind unused, and the road in front opens up its stretches every few yards, giving the impression of freshness and easy motion that can only be described as delightful.

The sharp roll and grit of the wheels upon the road and their even, humming song increase the suggestion of buoyancy. The hedge-tops sweep past in ragged lines, and where the road passes between thick hazel copses the horse's hoofs resound and ring.

At each end of the reins there is sympathy and a perfect understanding; the miles have no power to fatigue or weary either man or horse, though a casual halt for gossip or refreshment comes not amiss when distances are great.

C. EASTON-GREY.



From our Readers



A SCRATCH GAME.

There are lots of bouncers who won't play football, or, if they do so, won't play fair. They are to be found everywhere where football is played nowadays, and have brought the king of games into disrepute among many good sportsmen.

Unfortunately this unhealthy spirit has crept to a great extent into professional football, and

is cause of so many fouls and penalty-kicks, and of so many accidents.

I have said that those bouncers are to be found everywhere. Well, so I thought until recently.

A few days ago, however, I took part in a "pick-up" game, in which the sides were made up of men of all classes. There were several labourers out of work and a couple of University men on vacation.

I never enjoyed a game so much. We had no need of a referee. Throughout the whole ninety minutes I cannot remember a single instance of foul play, or more than three cases of handling.

The play, too, was above the average. Enthusiasm ran high among the players, for there were no spectators.

The chief sounds were shouts of "Well played!" or "Sorry, old fellow," with cheery replies of "Righto," when one missed an opportunity or failed to take a pass.

I have never known such cheery good-fellowship in the football field as I found in this scratch game.

I have often heard regular players say "Never apologise, or you'll be taken for a 'soft mark' and get ill-used."

Don't believe them. Do your best, your very best, to preserve a spirit of fair play and good feeling, and don't retaliate.

Leave your too robust opponents to the mercies of their own side, who, if they are of the right sort at all, will disapprove of rough play, and you'll enjoy the game far better.

A NIGHT WALK BY THE SEA.

There are few more lonely spots than the beach of a fashionable seaside resort after the band has stopped playing and the night has settled down over the landscape, but for those who love the old ocean there is no pleasanter time.

The tide is out, and the sand is just firm enough to make walking agreeable—just wet enough to remind one of the waves that so lately kissed it.

Out yonder the big waves boom and hurl themselves against the rocks.

The soft night wind laden with the perfume of the sea plays on one's face.

The silver moonbeams touch up the fishermen's cottages, and turn even the ugly lodging-houses on the front into picturesque dwellings.

As we turn back, the tide is coming in; the moon turns the water to silver; a bit of seaweed floats to our feet, and we pick it up and keep it as a souvenir of the night's walk.

We meditate on many things as we watch the incoming tide, things a fellow is apt to shelve at other times and other places.

SCHOOLING A HORSE.

Young horses whose limbs and joints have not yet attained their full strength and firmness are very liable to the three faults of brushing, overreaching, and forging.

The first of these consists in the hind hoofs brushing against the opposite fetlock as they come forward, and the result may be an open wound.

The usual remedy is to put on a brushing pad

of felt or a "Yorkshire boot," which will protect the fetlock.

By overreaching is meant the striking of

the fore heel with the toe of the hind hoof, and, the heel being a delicate part of the horse's anatomy, the results may be serious.

A horse which forges strikes the sole or shoe of the fore hoof with the toe of the shoe of the hind hoof. This last defect, which is often called clicking, is the least serious of the three, as it is the most common, especially with young animals. It can often be remedied by the farrier by reducing the width of the hind shoe.

A useful tip for curing a horse of the last fault, at any rate, is to tap him lightly on the leg whenever you hear the click of his hoofs. He soon gets to connect that with the click, and it reminds him to keep his hoofs clear of each other.

MY FIRST GYM.

It was not a swell place like some of those luxuriously fitted-up gyms. I have been in since, and I was very young and very ignorant and green at the same time.

I didn't know anything about vaulting horse or parallel bars, and I was a bit nervous at first.

But the thing that troubled me most was my modesty. I didn't like taking off my clothes and being stared at. I knew I was not a figure of a Greek god, I was too thin in the shanks and none too good in the chest.

I'd read a lot about great athletes, and had all the portraits of them I could get hold of, and I felt a bit sick, for I fancied all the other chaps at that gym. would be on the lines of Sandow or Apollo.

But I needn't have despised myself, for they were a poor lot stripped. Many of them looked like birds waiting for their feathers to grow.

When I got to know them better, I found they weren't half bad fellows, though some of them would never make athletes at all, and none of them would ever figure on posters or in the annals of sport as "strong men."

It was but a temporary building, that first gym, and it was shifted long ago. Most of the paraphernalia consisted of makeshifts, but I learnt how to put up my dukes and how to make a show on the mat, and whatever I know of physical culture I learnt there. Moreover, I gained one or two chums, so I'm grateful to the old gym, and keep its memory green.

ON TOP OF A 'BUS.

If you happen to be an observant chap, what a lot you can see on top of a 'bus—the queer folks that get on and off!

There are a few stock characters on all the routes—for instance, the old man, fussy and imperious, who insists on the rights of the passenger, and protests against everything which interferes with his comfort: or the elderly dame who will ride outside, although she is only going a few yards, and who pokes the driver in the back with her umbrella and obliges him to pull up when he's got a clear road and could out-distance the detested motor-'bus in front.

Then there is much amusement to be derived from the amenities between employees of rival companies, the mute significance of gestures, some graphically plain, others decidedly obscure.

There is the stranger in London who stops the 'bus to inquire if it is going in an opposite direction, and the lady who detains the irritable con-

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Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. W. Laird, 19, Park Drive South, Whiteinch, Glasgow, N.B., for "A Scratch Game."

ductor to ask him *where* he is going to, and the crank who, after parleying for several seconds, finally boards the next 'bus bound for the same destination. "Took a dislike to my 'orses' colour, I s'pose," says the facetious Jehu.

Lastly the driver himself merits attention. If he is of a sporting turn of mind you can make him happy by giving him a tip for the next important race—or perhaps he knows more than you, and you can get a wrinkle yourself.

If it is the Ring he's interested in and you happen to be going in that direction, he will probably talk about the new Boxing rendezvous in the London Road, and give you a graphic account of some of the bouts.

They're all sorts, these drivers, but all are amenable to the price of a glass and many are good judges of a cigar or even a cigarette.

A REMEDY FOR A SWOLLEN FACE.

There is nothing much more painful than a badly swollen face, whether it comes from cold or defective teeth.

The other day I ran across an old pal. He gave one look at my face.

"Abscess?" he asked laconically. I said "Yes." He nodded.

"Here's a tip, sonny. Get some camomile flowers—two pennyworth will do—and get your landlady to put them in the oven until they are thoroughly hot. Then go to bed, tie the flowers up in a big handkerchief—with your face inside, of course—and you'll get ease and comfort; and, what's more, a good night's rest. In all probability the abscess will have broken in the morning."

I tried it and it did all he said it would. It is far and away better than hot fomentations, because it is dry, and the smell is by no means unpleasant and has a soothing effect on the nerves.

Next time you get a bad face just try this cheap remedy and see for yourselves.

TIPS TO CYCLISTS.

After a fatiguing run most cyclists have a bath, but it adds tons to the pleasure and good effects of cycling if after even a short ride a brisk rub down and a change is indulged in.

Thirst is one of the most disagreeable companions a fellow can have. Most authorities say "Grin and bear it," but it is not a bad plan to carry a small flask of cold tea, and sip it slowly. Cold tea is the best thing for a traveller, it is a fine thirst assuager, and one is not tempted to drink it for the sake of drinking.

Cyclists don't go in as a rule for other forms of exercise, more's the pity, but a few lessons in the art of falling are to be recommended. They might save themselves some ugly disfigurements by learning this, to say nothing of serious injuries.

MY PAL'S DEN.

It's just like himself is my pal's den, his tastes and his hobbies are all reflected in the common things I see around me.

There are a few sporting prints on the walls, a tiger skin before the fire, and a bull-pup on the tiger skin.

There is a mounted hoof of his pet hunter on the table, it does duty for an ink-pot, but I guess every time my pal puts his pen in it he thinks of the time when Greypate carried him so easily, and well—times when he sat down in the saddle and kept his head straight—and saddest moment of all when he came to the spot where the old horse died.

That fox's brush hanging among the crossed sticks, foils, and hunting crop reminds him of his first triumph. Here are his pipes and tobacco, the latter ornamented with stamps by his favourite sister. The cigar cabinet we all gave him stands in this corner. It's handsome, but empty. My pal has many chums.

That bit of carving is meant to represent a study in still life. It's a bit off, but my pal did it.

And here's his photo in cricketering garb—a fine, upstanding athlete, every inch of him, and a modern man down to the ground.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

THE INNOCENCE OF JACK PARKER



"No, you mustn't come," she said smiling, "that would never do!" Jack felt that she was enjoying the unconventionality of the situation, and he smiled in return as she took the key from him.

"I'll be back in a minute," she added. "Don't make a noise in opening the door."

"It's all right," Jack reassured her. "Everybody's sure to be in bed. I'll leave the door open a little way for you."

"Oh, thank you," she said softly and she tiptoed away.

Not ill-pleased with the incident, Jack went over to the hearthrug and stood with his back to the fire, waiting. She was dainty, refined, and deliciously girlish, and her sable stole and pillow-like muff set her off to perfection. So far he had not been on speaking terms with anyone in the house, but he began to regret having been so exclusive.

A gentle rustling, and the girl was back again. She closed the door noiselessly behind her.

"It won't fit," she said. "What shall I do?"

Jack reflected. "Nothing for it but to knock the people up. Do you know where the servants' rooms are?"

"I don't," she replied.

"Nor I," he confessed. "They'll be somewhere down in the basement, I expect."

"What if I made a mistake?" she asked, half laughing, half in distress.

"I'll go if you like," offered Jack, good-naturedly.

"No, you mustn't," she said, with slight impatience. "It wouldn't do."

Jack saw plainly that it wouldn't, after a moment's thought, but his considerations changed to concern on noticing that involuntarily she had shivered.

"Hello! you're cold!" he exclaimed. "Come along to the fire and warm yourself."

"It's only my feet," she said, and would not take the chair he wheeled forward for her, but stood with one hand on the mantelpiece, and held first one shoe and then the other before the blaze.

"I got them wet trudging about with May, I think. We've been on the go all day."

"What a sweet face that girl's got!" she exclaimed, tiptoeing to look closer at the photograph.

"Is it your sister?"

"Not exactly," smiled Jack. "You see, it's—"

"Oh! I do beg your pardon!" she said. "Of course. Well, I think she's beautiful, don't you?"

"She's all right," agreed Jack, with very fair unconcern.

She eyed him speculatively for a moment, the shadow of a smile hovering about her lips, then changed the subject tactfully.

"What a lovely clock!" It had just chimed, and struck one. "And how tastefully you've got your room arranged!" She threw back her stole and wandered round, admiring this and that, and chatting with a delightful air of interest.

"They're mostly prizes," Jack informed her. "I brought them up with me when I came to town. Sort of reminiscent, you know."

She nodded.

"How splendid to be a man, and free!" she answered. "A man can do whatever he likes."

no one interferes. But a girl daren't. Her gaze journeyed to the clock, and it brought her back to realities. "Oh! do try and think of the best thing to do," she pleaded.

"I'm hanged if I can," confessed Jack, scratching his head. "We shall certainly have to do something or other; the longer we delay it the worse it will be. That's right! Sit down and get warm, anyway. Can I get you a glass of wine?"

Without waiting for her consent he busied to get it for her. He saw that she was pale with fatigue. When he returned her eyes were closed.

"Here!" he said, "drink this! It will do you good."

She took the glass and sipped obediently.

"Your boots are quite soaked," went on Jack, seeing the steam rising from them. "Haven't you better take them off and dry them?"

"No, I must go," she murmured, leaning her head back and closing her eyes again. Then she sat up with a visible effort and rubbed her forehead. "Oh dear!" she sighed. "This is ridiculous, to be so tired out when it's absolutely necessary to think of something! What can I do?"

She got to her feet, swayed, and clutched at the mantelpiece. Jack started forward, made her sit down again, and spoke with decision.

"Do?" he echoed. "You're not fit to do anything. You're exhausted. Anybody can see that. You must stay here till the servants get up, that's all. I'll make up a nice big fire and we'll—"

"No, no," she said, quickly. "I simply can't stay here with—"

Jack laughed softly.

"I'm all right," he reassured her. "I'm a sort of big brother to all the girls."

"But I don't know you, and—and—oh! don't misunderstand me! It isn't that I'm afraid, I'm—I'm not used—"

Again she hesitated, then jumped to surer ground. "And I couldn't let you go without your rest for me. I wish I hadn't come. If it were only light I'd go out and walk about, but while it's dark—"

"Rot!" interrupted Jack, forcibly. "You sha'n't do that, whatever happens. I'll tell you what. I can understand how you feel about—about—staying here with a fellow you don't know."

Her grateful glance repaid him.

"Well, if you think you can make yourself comfortable in that chair, I'll turn in. You ought to be in bed yourself," he added, with fatherly kindness. "But I can hardly offer—"

"Oh, you are good!" she said warmly. "I won't mind that a bit." She brightened up wonderfully. "Perhaps I shall get a sleep myself. Oh! whatever in the world will the people think if they see me coming out of your flat in the morning instead of my own?"

Little white teeth bit her under-lip doubtfully, then she rocked with suppressed glee.

"I don't care," she said, "I'll slip out as soon as I hear anybody moving about and pretend I've got to go to town specially early."

"That'll do," said Jack, admiring her ingenuousness. "Well, have these cushions and put your feet on this chair." He proceeded to make things cosy for her. "And you really ought to take those boots off. You'll catch your death of cold."

"I will when you've gone," she whispered, and again her delicacy made Jack glad. Unconsciously his eyes travelled towards the photograph on the mantelpiece. The girl there was like that. . . .

"Good night," he said, taking her hand.

Jack turned round at the door leading to his bedroom, and gave a boyish laugh.

"I'm going to lock it," he said, "so you see you'll be all right."

He disappeared from view. There was the sound of a turning key.

For exactly half an hour by the clock the woman sat perfectly still, watching the passage of time with hard, alert eyes.

Then, silently, furtively, swiftly, she packed into her pillow-like muff the little gold statue of Mercury and all the portable silver articles she could find. But she did not take the silver frame

Jack Parker had gained some fame as an amateur athlete in his younger days (not so many years ago), as the numerous prizes scattered about the sitting-room of his flat bore witness.

There were cups and inkstands and vases, all in silver, with one solitary exception of a tiny statue of Mercury in solid gold, and also, upon the mantelpiece, very much *en evidence*, there was a massive silver frame containing the photograph of a girl.

Probably it was because of this photograph that Jack Parker lived a very respectable life and occupied very respectable chambers in a block of mansions at Maida Vale which allowed as tenants only very respectable people.

Somewhere in the country lived the original of the photograph, a little lady with nut-brown hair and an all but nut-brown complexion, merry, truthful eyes, and a whole host of other delightful attractions, including a profound belief in Jack Parker's honour. So Jack, creditably enough, had little to do with the first part of the sinner's trinity of women—wine and song.

Nevertheless, it was rather in opposition to custom when Jack stepped out of his hansom one night not long after twelve o'clock, and crossed the pavement towards the steps leading to the said respectable mansions.

More usually, the comfort of his club and the pastime of billiards or bridge kept him an hour or two later than this, but to-night was cold and dismal, with snow and slush upon the ground, and he had taken a sudden fancy for the cosy room and the bright fire that he knew he would find there.

His opera hat on the back of his head, thumbs in armpits, Jack toiled up four short flights of darkened stairs, the quiet, respectable atmosphere giving him a quite undeserved consciousness of dissipation, and in another couple of minutes he was acting in faithful accord with his expectations, body in one lounge chair and feet deposited on another, cheerful fire, cigarette, whisky-and-seltzer, all complete.

Thus he remained in lazy content for a little while. Then, to his considerable surprise, he heard a knock, a faint, furtive tap on the door.

He turned his head, wondering whether he had been mistaken, caught the sound again, a trifle more imperative this time, brought his long, straight legs to the ground, stood up, and went and opened the door.

A young lady, whose face was almost secreted by a fur stole, stood there with a finger to her lips.

Her eyes were sparkling.

"Hush!" she whispered.

Then—"I'm awfully sorry to trouble you, but will you just lend your latch-key for a minute."

Miss Harrison from number forty-four above, and I've been out for the evening and forgotten to take mine."

"Certainly!" said Jack. "With pleasure!"

"Though I'm rather afraid—"

"Sh! don't speak so loud. You know what the people here are."

"You'd better come in for a moment," said Jack in a lower key, and he stood aside.

She hesitated, glanced behind her and then at him mischievously, and slipped in. Jack closed the door softly behind her.

"This is rather dreadful, isn't it?" she said, with a little musical laugh. "I had only just come in and discovered my stupidity when I heard you coming up the stairs. I was awfully relieved, because I didn't want to have to disturb the landlady—she's so awfully particular. You see, I'm not used to being out so late at this, but my sister has been up to town for the day, and her train didn't leave Victoria till eleven-fifty."

"The only thing I fear," replied Jack politely, bringing out his key, "is that it won't fit. All the locks are pretty sure to be different. But I shall be glad if I can be of any service. Shall I come along with you and try?"

MASON'S IDEAS ON SPORT.

HIS PRACTICE IS NOT PERFECT.

Mason's ideas of sport are—well, they are Mason's.

I never met anyone else who held his notions *in toto*. Of course, I have known chaps whose ideas on one point or another may have coincided with his, but for the rest Mason might just as well have taken out a patent, for they are his own absolutely.

Sport! Mason always spells the word with a big "S," and that's all he knows about it.

He says it ought to have no element of danger in it, as that detracts from enjoyment.

He is a regular muff at games, and yet he'll go to Lord's and criticise the players as if he were a blooming umpire.

He can't field for nuts, and as for the rest, he is more ignorant than the child who plays in the street with a bit of wood for a bat and an old jacket for the wicket.

Football? bless you! he's read a penny "teach-you-all-about-it-in-a-minute," but as he doesn't understand any of it, he is worse off than if he'd never seen the book.

He's got a memory, however, and he quotes, so he took us all in at the club.

Somebody failed us and we elected him to play in our match.

The captain gave me a black eye for introducing him afterwards.

Mason himself described his experience:—"I said I was a back. They said I was a half-back, and now I'm on the way to be a hunchback." Mason was not original, for I've heard something like it on the Halls.

Anyhow, though his ideas cost us the match, to say nothing of my black eye, I guess he learnt more than all the penny "teach-you-all-about-it-in-a-minute" sort of rot.

But it didn't stop his brag, more's the pity; it only stopped his football.

Billiards? Yes! he's got his ideas on that, too. He's a champion at cutting the cloth and making bad shots.

Stop a bit, there is one thing he can do—that's to chalk the cue!

Latterly he's taken up less popular games, and poses as an expert.

Last year it was lacrosse, and we spent the whole of one fine afternoon (it would not have mattered so much if it had been wet) trying to understand his instructions, and came to the conclusion sorrowfully, when it was too late to do anything else, that he was as ignorant as we were.

This year he is, or says he is, great on baseball, but we are not having any more of his expert tuition.

He doesn't know a thing about boating except what he's seen from the bridges during the Boat Race. In fact, he's mortally afraid of water that comes above his ankles; and yet he had the face the other day to come into the club and start gassing about water-polo—the finest sport he ever had anything to do with.

He may have got splashed watching a match; that's as near as ever he's been to it.

"He means it's fine for other folks," I suggested. I was more than a bit sick of the Juggins.

"Why don't you get up a team?" he inquired, with a vacuous grin.

"And have you for captain?" someone suggested, with a fine sneer.

"Well, you might do worse," the ass agreed, bridling with much self-appreciation.

He thereupon went home and gave himself up to visions of leading his team to glory or a watery grave. Needless to say, they remain visions.

He has many ideas on shooting. He thinks it is time someone invented fire-arms that don't "kick" and are warranted never to go off accidentally. I think where Mason is concerned a pop-gun is the measure of his capacity.

Mason was intended by Nature to be one of the silent lookers on, and not a participant in any sport, and someone ought to see that he does not disappoint Nature.

SIGISMUND SMITH.

A SOUL FOR SALE

ONE ASPECT OF MODERN COMMERCE.

Every big city has its market-place for the buying and selling of all sorts of commodities. The whole edifice of modern civilisation has been erected upon a basis of sale and exchange.

Cattle, vegetables, manufactured articles, inventions, characters, yes, even religions, have their price. The latter have generally been paid for in blood and torture, but with them as with all things used and valued by man there is a market.

And human souls are not exempt, unpleasant as the fact may sound.

It may be that a man cherishes the conviction that, put what he will of his possessions into the markets of the world, there is one thing he holds inviolate—his soul.

It may be that he will indignantly repudiate the assertion that this, the essence of his self, can be bought. If so he is doomed to disillusion.

Into the great gaping jaws of that rapacious monster Commerce go to-day not only the fruits of our brain and labour, but also the treasures of our personality. Life picks up and pitches us in wholesale.

I can quote no better instance than that of a young man, fresh from a country home, taking his courage in both hands, and setting forth to brave the world.

MODERN WEAPONS.

That is how he would express his venture, if he put it into words. But it is the expression handed down from a former age, when a man proved himself by the strength of his arm and the sharpness of his sword.

We don't use swords nowadays, we use steel pens stuck at the end of a bit of foreign wood. We don't take our courage in both hands, we carry our references in our pockets, references gained by swotting for long years at unromantic labour, references given to us more often than not by men whom we know to be no better than ourselves.

The young man chooses his big city—London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow—it doesn't matter which, and in the market-place of that city he lays out his goods, and sells them to the highest bidder.

Think you that his soul is not included among the goods on his stall?

Wait.

He is a skilled mechanic, say; or he is equipped for a profession such as law, medicine, accountancy, or for trade; or office training has made him a good clerk. He seeks a customer, and he seeks to get his price.

WHEN BUYERS ARE LACKING.

All the ability and the energy and the hope that he has put into his past life he now presents concentrated, ready for use. He offers to the market—Himself.

Possibly he is fortunate and gets a figure somewhere near his anticipations, and then with a gratitude almost pathetic he sells.

Possibly he finds buyers shy, and the price originally written on his ticket is erased and a more modest one put in its place; from being modest it shrinks to insignificance, and the lower the value necessity forces him to put upon himself, the more desperately anxious he is to sell.

He is getting hungry, you see, and in danger of being homeless; he begins to face the reality



that if he doesn't sell and sell soon, he'll be struggling not for a price but for life.

And with the vanishing of life comes the vanishing of the soul.

Is it not stark shameless truth that souls are on sale, and that they must drive a bargain or die?

But it isn't always hunger that they die of. There is something heroic in a death such as that. Commerce, with its rapacious eye and its gaping jaws, has other means of chewing them up.

When I think of the virility of England, of manhood prisoned in the clutch of the monster, having strength and happiness and idealism crushed out of them, the blood of rage surges through me.

souls bought and turned to base uses, the blood of rage surges through me.

IS THIS LIFE?

It is necessary for a man to live, and to fight to live, but the system which shuts him up in a fetid atmosphere the live-long day, and subdues his soul that he is grateful for such treatment, deserves no other designation than Monster.

Men were not made to be moles, nor to keep the nose to the grindstone perpetually, nor to sell their souls to keep their bodies fed and clad.

The primordial instinct of man is to hunt, and to fight, and to mate. The modern compelled behaviour is to wear white collars and to say "Sir" to a man God-made like yourself, and not a whit superior except in possessions.

I know there are many who affirm that to-day the battle is with brains, and is every scrap as thrilling as when men met hand-to-hand in straining conflict, and steel rang gloriously on steel.

Well, if a clerk getting thirty shillings a week will come to me and say his battle of existence is thrilling, I will change my belief that such an assertion is nonsense and rant.

Of old they fought for great things: for God and country, for the love of a lady; and valour won. Now we are content to earn a little measure of comfort in a tame existence, and for that comfort we have to surrender our souls.

THE VANQUISHED.

The casualties in the battlefield of civilisation are to be seen in our cities' public parks—outstretched vagrants, soul-slain in the struggle, yet with enough life left to crawl about in rags.

What manner of escape is there for our young fellow driven by the conditions of the present existence to barter his soul for shillings? What way to hold on to some remnant of himself?

Is it to be done by association with one of the numerous religious societies, whose pet phrase is something about a hearty welcome, and whose pet hobby is the singing of hymns?

Truth knows I have real reverence for religion and for those to whom this sort of thing appeals. I have no criticism. But it is well to remember that the conscious upholder of virtue easily falls into humbug, and more easily still becomes a prig.

Often he is intolerant of the faults of others, believing himself faultless.

Could any man make a bigger mistake than that?

Better, I think, to cultivate the society of simple vigorous men, who, while not making of sport a craze, yet believe that clean, athletic exercise, and physical development are but the expression of a vigorous, athletic soul.

A. G. STORM.





Why a Man Should Dance

to do. The man who goes to a dance and doesn't try to enjoy himself is an ass.

There is even a business advantage in being a good dancer.

It is an axiom of the man who means to make money that he shall get to know as many people as possible, for he is certain to turn the acquaintance of some of them to financial advantage sooner or later; one may become a client or a customer; another may be able to do him a good turn in preference to a stranger. Every friend is a potential benefactor, and if you want to cultivate a wide circle of friends you must know how to dance. If you can't, you miss many an invitation that might prove extremely useful.

A MAN'S PASTIME.

It has been urged by some that dancing is not a manly exercise.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Every savage is a dancer; he dances before a battle, and he dances afterwards, whether his side have won or lost. Now, whatever else the savage may be, he is unquestionably manly.

Then, again, dancing was never more popular in Britain than in the days of the Cavaliers, and their courage was as undisputed as their courtesy.

There are two ways of learning to dance. One is to have a course of lessons from a dancing master; the other is to patronise "sixpenny hops" and simply pick it up.

The latter is by no means a bad plan, for the working-classes dance much better than do their richer neighbours, and, moreover, this way of learning has the merit of being very cheap.

F. WYKE-FAIRFIELD.

IN PASSING.

Beware of the man who says he isn't clever; he's telling you something he doesn't believe.

Many people growl because they don't get what they deserve; they should be glad they don't, most of them.

There's nothing like a little brother for taking the conceit out of a pretty girl.

The man who never made a blunder would be only a machine, but he has yet to be born.

A racehorse seldom goes so fast as the money you bet on it.

If kissing is dangerous there are not enough medals to supply all the heroes.

There is no suffering like that of the woman who fears she won't live to tell the tale.

It isn't fair to judge a man by the company his wife's family forces on him.

The man who jilts a girl deserves to be hen-pecked by her successor.

It sometimes costs six months of rheumatism to catch a six-inch fish.

It never rains on the unjust if he can get hold of an umbrella belonging to the just.

The fellow who laughs at all the funny stories he hears is bound to be popular.

It's no good offering to die for a girl unless you present her first with a life insurance policy.

You can divide people into two classes: shearers and shorn.

Duty is a disguise often assumed to hide natural meanness.

A BAG OF SPARROWS.

A CHEAP AND USEFUL COUNTRY SPORT.

When partridges are scarce and beyond a man's purse, when pheasants are reserved for the great ones of the earth who shoot in lordly company, the man who loves sport with a gun and who, like all real sportsmen, is ready to take what he can find, however humble, will often turn to the humble and mischievous sparrow for an amusing morning's shooting.

"Bird-minding," as the farmer calls it, is by no means bad sport, and to me there is a great deal of quiet enjoyment of the open air as well as a not little amount of excitement in stalking the sparrows.

They are wary birds, and know with extraordinary certainty why the stranger is wandering round the field with a gun. Though few of them see a gun all the rest of the year, they very soon learn that it is a thing to be avoided.

And so they adapt themselves to the peculiar conditions, and in doing so afford the sportsman not a little pleasure.

Sparrow shooting in the cornfields requires no elaborate preparation, no distinctive dress, no expensive apparatus.

Any gun will "do." An unlimited quantity of cartridges with very small shot must, of course, be taken, preferably in a canvas bag slung over one shoulder.

A pipe and tobacco, possibly a book or a newspaper to beguile the hours when the birds have been scared by many shots, will come in useful, and a supply of something to eat and drink, if the farmhouse is some distance away.

You soon learn the sparrows' habits, and for you the chief thing to remember is that they are fond of hedges.

They are often difficult to approach, and hence a certain degree of sporting cunning is necessary.

The sparrow sportsman should never show himself until the psychological moment arrives. This is when he has crept within shot of a large flock. If he has manoeuvred himself into a good position he should be able to appear suddenly at a point from which he can, so to speak, enfilade the whole flock.

With gun ready he steps across the ditch, and appears suddenly in the field.

There is a rush and roar of a hundred thousand wings as the sparrows rise like a cloud from the hedges and the ground. For a moment they are uncertain what to do, but the next second they are acting as one bird, and cluster together in a dense mass, wheeling towards the hedgetop to have a look at the intruder, and to see whether they are likely to be disturbed for long.

Now is the moment to fire. Do not wait till they have settled, but let drive at them when they are about to settle, and when they are bunched together at their thickest. Both barrels should be fired rapidly so as to give them no time to scatter, as they will at once, on hearing a shot.

The result will be anything up to sixty sparrows or so, most of them clean killed. It is unnecessary to say that a careful search should be made round about for the few birds that may have been wounded. These are never far away and can be easily secured.

The field for the time being will be free from sparrows, and the sportsman will see nothing more that day worth shooting, if he remains on the spot. An immediate retreat to another part of the farm land is advisable.

A lounge beneath the hedge, a smoke, and a quiet hour's enjoyment of the peaceful scenes of harvest all around is by no means unacceptable if the sun be hot. And then, from some other direction, a return to the field may be essayed.

This time an even greater degree of care in stalking the birds will be necessary, for sparrows are quick to learn.

But whatever sport is obtained there is a pleasure in the aimless wandering over the fields, ready for anything that turns up.

Not seldom a partridge covey, driven from their own land by the party whose guns you have heard on the neighbouring estate, will come sailing over the hedge, and a quick sportsman will secure a brace with right and left. But the bag will be mainly sparrows.

D. ROMILLY.



IS THE RIGHT TIME TO LEARN.

The man who chooses his amusements with regard to what they will do in the way of strengthening his muscles, dancing has not much to

recommend it as a muscle-maker only to a very limited extent, and, viewed in this restricted way, it compares with dumb-bells, for with them you make as much muscle in a quarter of an hour as you would at an ordinary three-hour

dancing is superior to dumb-bells, for it does something they never can do.

It is not a muscle-maker, it is nevertheless an exercise, for it renders the muscles elastic, though it does not increase their size.

It should give it a high place in the programme of the physical culture men, for it thus acts as a corrective to the muscles which he has developed by development.

Muscular tissue is manufactured by dumb-bells, but it is made elastic and fit for its highest use by dancing.

The man who is muscled becomes free of movement when he takes to the study of the light fantastic. His agility remains the same, but his agility is increased a hundred-fold.

AND HEALTH.

There is something more than grace of movement to be got in the ballroom, however. Dancing has a highly beneficial effect on the system, making them do their work more efficiently, strengthening them in a manner that a muscle-making machine could never accomplish.

In this way it benefits the general health of the nation.

At the Dartmouth Naval College are taught dancing as part of their ordinary curriculum. When the order was issued by the authorities it was expressly stated that there was no thought of catering to the pleasure of the students or of adding to their social qualifications; the only consideration was the improvement of their physique and their health.

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It's no good offering to die for a girl unless you present her first with a life insurance policy.

You can divide people into two classes: shearers and shorn.

Duty is a disguise often assumed to hide natural meanness.

The man who chooses his amusements with regard to what they will do in the way of strengthening his muscles, dancing has not much to

recommend it as a muscle-maker only to a very limited extent, and, viewed in this restricted way, it compares with dumb-bells, for with them you make as much muscle in a quarter of an hour as you would at an ordinary three-hour

dancing is superior to dumb-bells, for it does something they never can do.

It is not a muscle-maker, it is nevertheless an exercise, for it renders the muscles elastic, though it does not increase their size.

It should give it a high place in the programme of the physical culture men, for it thus acts as a corrective to the muscles which he has developed by development.

Muscular tissue is manufactured by dumb-bells, but it is made elastic and fit for its highest use by dancing.

The man who is muscled becomes free of movement when he takes to the study of the light fantastic. His agility remains the same, but his agility is increased a hundred-fold.

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

XXXIII. THE MARKET TOWN.

Out of the beaten track, out of the strenuous throbbing life of these latter days, England has still a few country market towns left, dotted about like quaint little paintings relieving the tone of a sombre room.

Untouched by the grime of the factory and free from the clang of the iron towns, life runs here in peaceable channels, and the souls of the men that pass their lives within a prescribed orbit of the inevitable Market Cross seem, at least, to be their own.

These market towns, if they differ slightly in architecture, are yet very much the same. Outside the little Corn Exchange the one policeman the place boasts still waxes fat on doing nothing. He is addressed by his Christian name, he speaks in slow accents with the native twang, and the only thing he has in common with his brother in London is his partiality for the smiles of the fair—in this case ruddy-cheeked, plump-armed women, as naïve as a life-long existence in a land of easy kisses allows them to be.

OUTSIDE THE CORN EXCHANGE.

The sons of the soil and the workers thereon make the Corn Exchange's outside pavement their rendezvous on the market day. It is a mixed society, but a glance at them makes one disbelieve that there is great depression in the agriculture of England to-day. From the reputed wealthiest farmer in the neighbourhood to the cattle drover with the thick stick, they are the embodiment of perfect contentment.

The aforesaid farmer, if he is of the true breed, is precisely the same sort of person as his father, and grandfather, before him. For all his sixty years or so, the oldest inhabitant of Market Muddleton still refers to him as "Young" Tom.

Moreover, he is indeed a mere child for his years. He cherishes a firm belief in roast beef and the Tory Party. His speech may not be the speech of Oxford University, but there is yet common sense of the soundest in what he says at times.

With a hatred of new-fangled machines for reaping and ploughing, and a blinder faith in God's creation than he himself realises, he is, at bottom, the real John Bull of England whom our cartoonists portray.

In his capacious breeches pockets his big hands are thrust, and the heavy fob dangles from his watch-pocket. He is a "big" man of solid worth.

FATHER AND SON.

It was his sort that made England. It is his very son who has forsaken the country for the city, learned polite ways, and cultivated a taste for bric-à-brac, who is ruining the country, and will one day lose it.

But those outside the Corn Exchange in the little market square do not seem to be concerned, perhaps, with Imperial interests. In the summer noonday sun they appear to be as sleepy as the little town. In the winter they huddle up against the walls and smoke blackened clays—"nose-warmers"—to keep out the cold, and they discuss the market price of pigs over an *al fresco* meal of steaming pies or red-hot chestnuts.

The farmers' sons, who think of London merely as a place devoid of fresh air, and visit it only when a big Agricultural Show lures them thither, are of a class comprising England's best young men.



They delight in rough rides across country, and often the market square resounds to uproarious laughter when some daring youth is ignominiously thrown when trying a friend's bit of blood.

It was for such as these that the Yeomanry, as its name implies, was originally formed. At those market-square gatherings, the old Yeomanry sergeant-major is the mentor of all "the boys." Best of sports, he bears the hearty smacks on the back that greet him with equanimity.

"All right, sir," he says. "Wait till I get you on the Circle! Mounted drill next Wednesday on the Squire's pasture, and you had better turn out on—"

"Go on, Sergeant-Major!"

"No. I'll spare you, m' boys. Well, what's the price of barley to-day?"

THE MARKET STALLS.

So we will leave the gathering of the mixed society around the Corn Exchange and stroll down the square to where the little quaint stalls are set out with farm and dairy produce. Here are fowls already dressed for table, displayed upon speckless white cloths amid the pounds of good yellow country butter and rich cream cheeses.

The cobbled yard of the principal inn—graced now with the name of "hotel"—is on market day a scene of much animation. The ostler, in shirt-sleeves whatever the weather, is busy with the horses and traps of farmers who "put up" there.

And the little low-roofed bar, for this one day, is packed—some of its habitués looking for all the world as if they had stepped out of the old sporting prints that hang round the smoke-browned walls.

The inn-keeper himself is but little changed, but his wife is neither Dickensian nor buxom.

Mercy on the luckless wight who addresses her lightly! She sells the best ale in the market town, and therefore looks to be suitably respected. Before her glance even the Squire quails, and his son loses quite ten years in manner.

"Oh, yes, Master Jack," she will say to him. "I nursed you when you were a pretty little baby. Now—but never mind! Only, really, I think a young man like you should keep to good beer. That won't hurt you—but whisky—well! It's this going to London that gives you these foolish tastes!"

In weak tones the Squire's son changes his order to a blameless "lemon and a dash."

EQUALITY AND GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

There is an equality between all men in this little hostelry which would do the heart of a most rabid Socialist an immense amount of good. The small market town butcher discusses the harvest prospects with the Squire, who farms hundreds of acres, and is consequently opulent. Very probably they address each other by their Christian names, and both of them quaff the good ale at the expense of the local patrician—an earl, whose country seat is in the district, and looks quite a decent sort of fellow, whose income might possibly touch five hundred a year.

Sometimes when dusk has fallen, when the stalls have been taken down, and sheep, bought at the weekly sale, are being driven through the grey square, slowly enough, with a seemingly uncaring drover behind, then it seems that only an invisible piper playing the "Morris Dance" is required to make the indescribable repose of the scene utterly, exquisitely complete.

Lights glimmer in the little shop windows, the one lamp in the market square burns feebly. A farmer's cart rumbles past.

And the day is done. PETER GILCHRIST.

SPORT IN THE BARN. FOR READERS WHO HAVE TO SPEND WET DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

When the weather fails to tempt us home—and this is only when the rain comes incessantly—we manage to find infinite variety in the "small beer" of sport, so to speak, in the barn on the hill-side.

It stands in the shelter of the wood that runs along the high ridge forming one side of the valley.

It faces wide fields that stretch away indefinitely and are lost among the boundaries of the new parish, and one loft door in its back wall gives a view of a large section of the interior of the wood.

We have, therefore, a good look-out on both sides, and can watch every movement of the creatures that chiefly attract us here.

But the barn itself fascinates. Its floor is a foot thick at least, and very old. It is covered with the holes and runs of birds and rats. Its dark interior suggests infinite possibilities of surprise, and its thick and bending beams are many a puzzle to the exploring gymnast who is tempted to reach the roof tree in search of the dozing owl "warming his five wits" until death and hunger call him forth.

Many a quiet day's idle pleasure have I spent in and about this old building, which has much attraction for the owls of the neighbourhood as it has for us. Few days have for us been so pleasant, though unexciting, memories as those spent in this place.

With a load of bread and cheese and a full of apples, a pipe a-piece and a few pouches, and the gun, we never fear ennui, for between us and all that goes on for the most part silently, we manage to keep our interests awake and our bodies active.

The miscellaneous shooting that comes our way is astonishing in its variety. We take a turn, and often work up quite a high river as the result of the day's bag.

Perhaps our most frequent visitors are the birds that come over the wood, where in spring they build their nests, and drop swiftly down in the gaping barn door into the ploughed field. One of us can get a right and left success where we are well content.

But rooks are, after all, but scrappy and unsavoury things in late autumn, and are accounted of much moment in our company.

It is the comparatively rare and unexpected visitor that gives us most excitement. A happy man, indeed, whose turn it is to shoot a water hen comes sailing up the hill from the river to seek a change of scene and diet from the leaves and undergrowth of the wood.

Its flight is smooth and even, but so close we have but a small space in which to bring it down before it is buried deep in the wood out of shot.

Rabbits also come bounding from the roomy burrows along the edge of the wood, and give us many a shot, though at long intervals they are a timid race, and the sound of a gun will keep them underground for half a day.

When hunger overtakes us we sit on the cold iron of the resting plough, and eat our bread and cheese (home-made), and fruit (home-grown also), while the rain comes down upon the roof, and the edges of the thatch above the door drip, drip incessantly into the little pits and furrows that many of the earlier years have worn into the hard floor.

With good luck and the energetic aid of our terrier we sometimes persuade a rat to run that have undermined the walls, and give us a short sharp hunt. As often as not it is the escape of the rat, to which the byways of the underground world are more familiar. The ever comes along is sport to us, and the time spent in sheer idle enjoyment often gives us more pleasure and variety than any planned shoot.

H. F.

The Orderly Sergeant

A TERRITORIAL SKETCH.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

accurate? You're looking at someone else's tunic, young man—

"Whose?"

"Ah, that's just it. You might ask the same question about these roomy pants and these dilapidated boots. I won't put my cap on because I've got a little regard for your tender feelings, old boy. It's what the merry wag of a musical hall (alleged) comedian might term 'a ha'p'orth of cheese on horseback.' Size, you will note, six and five-eighths, and my cranium is a good seven. Oh, don't look surprised, old chap! There are cases worse than mine in the regiment."

"Have you heard of a cellular shirt that's looking about for its rightful owner? Mine's straying around somewhere. I could go on enumeratin' other things. But I've been makin' reports, remarks, and observations until I'm sick. That's what I'm supposed to do—dry-nurse everybody! I'm nothin' whatever—not even up to the rank of a door porter at a temperance hotel. Yesterday, might I again remark, I was Orderly Sergeant! The only thing I did *not* do yesterday was—keep things in order. That, coupled with what the Sergeant Instructor said, what the Lieutenant observed, and what the Colonel undoubtedly thinks, results in *me-as-I-am-at-present!*"

"Here, light this pipe up—and unburden your agitated soul, boy," I said.

"Pipe? Do you think that's *my* pipe?" he asked scornfully. "Pooh, wouldn't own it! My briar is in the breast pocket of my *own* tunic. I've been holdin' this one for swank—just to kid the chap behind the four ale bar—old White, there—that I'm really *not* stark, starin' mad."

"It started really at Reveille yesterday mornin'. It was on the notice board all correct. "'H' Company (Cyclists).—Sergeant T. Trailing to be Orderly Sergeant for the day.' You know the sort of thing. Orders board which no one reads, and trusts to someone else to know all about it. And the someone else is the luckless Orderly Sergeant. Look here. I'll tell you something about Orderly Sergeants, then you'll thank a heavenly Haldane that you are merely one of the rank and file in your regiment—a bloomin' Trooper. Here you are. I carried this bit of rain-washed, typewritten flowery about in my hand all day yesterday, or I shouldn't have it now."

Timothy smoothed out a wrinkled folio of Government paper, and read therefrom:

"Duties of Orderly Sergeants. His turn of duty is from Reveille to Reveille. That's all right. Now, Two. 'On Reveille sounding, he will see that the N.C.O.'s and men get up.' They might add: 'if he's got the powers of abuse of a Yeomanry Sergeant-Major after a rough night.'"

"Now, d'you know, yesterday mornin' was the first time for years that I have really felt that of all the adjective muddle-headed idiots in the world, Territorial privates and N.C.O.'s. took the Huntley and Palmer? It was. Oh, my dear good friend, the number of times they told me to go to blazes—and the language! It was simply luvly! Men who answer with a 'sir' if I ask 'em the slightest question on parade—it ain't in the regulations I know, but they *do*—addressed me as 'Tim,' and the *prefixes* to Tim, as the youth with the superior Board school education would say—oh, the *prefixes*!"

"But I will not freeze your young blood with their comprehensive and florid vocabulary. We will pass on—on to Three. 'He will ascertain from the N.C.O. who handed over to him, if there



are any orders to give out or duties to be warned.' That looks pretty plain sailin', eh? Certainly my dear amalgamated idiot, certainly! The only trouble is to find the N.C.O. who handed over to you, because you can bet he will have selected that day and hour you are lookin' for him as the ordained time to get a day's leave from camp."

"And no wonder. One day at the delicate game of actin' as Orderly Sergeant is enough to turn a Chinese Washerman pink. After that a 'cure' at Marienbad is necessary to frail constitutions—which, thank heaven, I haven't got."

"Now, I will not dwell upon my various encounters during my lawful tour of duties with the various living emblems of high authority. I will draw a veil over the precise remarks made by Captain Parmenter Potts relating to my scrawl and method of inscribing in the company order book the orders for the following day. I will put his criticism tersely—one little sentence out of a hundred gems."

"'I can't make head or tail of this,' says the Captain; 'you ought to have been a War Office clerk!'"

"He then went on to call me—but I said I'd spare your feelings. Now, it may be that barring the sudden and unforeseen interference of Providence in the matter of the weather, I might have got out with my whole nervous system intact, and my equable temper unsullied—seven years in the old volunteers havin' taught me somethin'."

"But it was not to be. Not content with inflictin' the various foregoin' tortures, upon which I have touched but lightly, Fate gave me one knock-down blow. At 4.30 precisely the bright blue sky clouded. It rained then. I said *rained!*" He paused a moment and unbuttoned his tunic to give room for the heaving swell of his manly heart at the horrible thought.

"It came all of a sudden when we were congratulatin' ourselves on a lovely day—the best method of ensurin' rain at camp. Lordy, I caught it then. Everyone jumped up from the grassy park land and yelled out in surprise: 'It's rainin'! Where's the Company Orderly Sergeant?'"

"They promptly put it down to me or appeared to. My heavenly grand aunt! There was no Lloyd George about this shower. It came down like a tropical storm—not that I've ever seen a tropical storm, but my imagination is pretty accurate."

"To continue. Have you ever seen a regiment on the stampede? It's a beautiful sight. Ten minutes sufficed for the complete confloption of all the rotten canvas government bell tents. The Canteen, contrary to habit, remained dry in one six-foot square patch, by the green baize counter. Upon that patch no less than thirty of our chaps were gathered, lying on top of one another. A few lumpy hailstones went through the *canvases* with a "zip" like bullets. The blinkin' gale that sprung up tore the roofing in ribbons."

"We were a damp, sodden regiment, our coats drenched on our very beds before we had time to put them on."

"And through this all there was me runnin' about in pursuit of our water-logged Colonel. I met him and saluted as he ran helter-skelter for the shelter of the park trees, where most of the regiment was catchin' the big drips from the leaves and looking more like drowned kittens than anything else on earth."

"Obeyin' instructions to run like the devil and follow the Colonel, I had at last came up to a dead stop beneath a chestnut tree."

"'The whole corps, Sir,' I said, 'are soaked, including all tents, stores, and kit. What is to be done?'"

"'Who are you?' he asked."

"'Orderly Sergeant, 'H' Company (Cyclists),' I said."

"'Well, cheer up, man,' he says kindly. 'Cut over to the Hall—you can't get any damper than you are. Present my compliments to Sir

There is a man in a certain battalion of cyclists who, if there is a heaven reserved especially for Territorials, will most certainly go there. I am going to write "rest there," but think better of it, for in my humble opinion Sergeant Timothy Trailing—"Tim of the Earl of Something's Own"—will never really rest.

He has never been found asleep even in the guard tent at night; from the Colonel to the latest joined recruit there is no man who has aught to say against him.

Of cherubic countenance and seraphic temper, he has never lifted up his voice to curse the authorities, even on wet days when the rain rusted every otherwise bright bearing on his bicycle. With unerring eye he picks out possible Bisley men from the young recruits, who lead off their first day on the open range—and after that the life of these recruits is made hell for them—and continual practice at increasingly difficult

tasks, he has nursed into Territorial manhood things who possessed the gift of the marksmen's eye and the steady aim—learned to eliminate the man who starts enthusiastically on his heels with a half-inch Morris tube bull's-eye at forty

size at fifteen. By his hand the regimental billiard handicaps are fixed. At his bidding company smokers are "got up," and go with a swing from the toast of "The King" to the final vote of thanks to the Colonel in the chair. In short, he is "Saint Timothy of the Earl of Something's Own," and he wears the invisible but omnipresent halo of popularity.

Once, and once only, have I seen that cherubic countenance of his pale and wan; once, and once only, that seraphic expression overcast.

It was the evening of the day that the regiment came back from camp. I saw him in the smoke-beer untouched by his side, and a cold pipe in his hand. I looked. I could hardly believe my eyes. Timothy discontented—Timothy in a bad temper. After that, the sight of the Colonel executing a step dance on the little bar counter could be looked upon with equanimity.

"What the deuce is the matter, Timothy?" And Timothy, stooping to loosen a tight puttee, looked his face from me.

"It's all right," he blurted out at last; "all right, y'know. But I don't properly know whether I'm on my head or my feet yet. Look here old sportin' boy, yesterday, mind you, only yesterday—the last day of the bloomin' camp—they had the blinkin', darned, blinkin' and (other adjectives) audacity to make *me* Orderly Sergeant!"

He stopped, and grasping his tankard finished the contents at a gulp.

"Seems to have upset you," I observed, taking a seat by his side, and filling his neglected pipe from my capacious pouch.

"Upset me?" he went on in his old quiet, steady tone. "Oh dear no—not a bit of it! I've reduced my weight by about ten pounds, and my hair grey (or probably will), set all my nerves, which I didn't know I had) on the quiver. Upset me? Oh dear no! You're mistaken, my man. Look at me! Can't you see I'm awfully happy? Can't you see the joy of the arthritic innocence of youth, which is no end

"At the present moment," I said, "I'm looking at your coat. It seems to have grown beautifully in the wash or somewhere—"

"My coat? why the deuce don't you try to be a bit

Mickleham Baring, and ask him if we can camp out in his stables, lofts, and so on. Sharp's the word!"

"It was. I found Sir Micky an extra sport.

"Tons of room," he says, "and you fellows better get your things dried in the laundry house! It's washing day, and there's all the fires going."

"It was a palatial country seat—that Hall—with a laundry house of correspondin' magnitude.

"Within ten minutes half the regiment was wreathed in smiles and towels, with steamin' clothes hung on the great bars to dry——"

He stopped, and with considerable difficulty buttoned up his tunic.

"Need I continue?" he asked plaintively.

"Think of it! Hundreds of pairs of pants, tunics, caps, shirts, and socks. It was no use watchin' guard over your own. Others were pressin' at the doors to get in. We were packed in that long laundry house like oysters in a barrel.

"Then"—he sighed deeply—"when our property had been rough-dried in front of the huge fires, there came a call for the Orderly Sergeants to hand out to each man his clothing. After five minutes' wrestling with the problem, there was open and gory mutiny, with socks, pants, and tunics flying across space. It resolved itself into a question of mere clothes. Don't you know what a helpless being a man is without his trousers? Haven't you ever dreamt that you have mislaid yours, and that you are in the open street? Ah, well, you've a horrid nightmare in store—but not a sleepless night such as I have spent over the matter."

He looked at the clock, and rose painfully.

"Nine," he observed. "Farewell. I go to attend a special meetin' of the unfortunates who are answerable for all this—in the Officers' Mess, Colonel presidin'."

"Who are answerable?" I asked.

"Fool!" he hissed. "The Orderly Sergeants!"

PIPE ENJOYMENT.

It is surprising what a small percentage of the millions of smokers in this country know what to smoke, how to smoke, and when to smoke.

The majority of men are careless smokers, and have scarcely any idea of the elementary facts regarding the selection of pipes and tobacco, or the methods of smoking, which, if observed, would greatly increase their enjoyment and go far towards preventing injury to their health.

In selecting a pipe, for instance, do not judge by its pretty looks. Weigh the pipe and see that it is not too heavy for your teeth.

Test the bore and see that it draws well.

Also examine it carefully and see that the bowl is not plugged here and there with putty varnished over, or marked with flaws or cracks.

Many of the finest briars develop small holes or flaws after being shaped. Manufacturers fill these holes with putty and then colour and varnish them. A close examination will show up these patches.

Ivory or pure amber makes the best mouthpiece, but they are both expensive and liable to break easily, especially amber. For the man of moderate means, a horn or a vulcanite mouthpiece is the best.

When buying tobacco, do not buy the scented kinds. These are doctored, and a pipeful of them lasts some ten minutes. The average pipeful of good tobacco should last twice as long as that.

A good briar filled with good tobacco, such as Navy Cut, is the best thing a man can smoke to obtain full enjoyment from it.

Smoke it very slowly, for the more deliberately you pull, the sweeter will the tobacco taste, and the less chance will there be of your burning your tongue.

In smoking cigarettes, you should always remove them from your lips when you are not actually drawing through them, for the smoke that comes from the tip of a smouldering cigarette has a peculiarly irritating effect on the eyes. If you must smoke cigarettes while both hands are engaged, use a long cigarette holder.

Above all things, do not inhale. Smoking in moderation does a man no harm, but inhaling is most injurious.

THE PLEASURES OF AN AUTUMN TRAMP.

The man who has kept the taste for taking long walks in spite of the temptations of the bicycle, to say nothing of other and swifter methods of locomotion, has preserved for himself a source and supply of interest and pleasure that will outlast all the cyclist's enthusiasm.

There is nothing in the world so full of attractions, many and varied, as a long walk that fills a day from the top of the morning—say, ten o'clock—until after sundown.

These times for starting and returning have their advantages. By not setting out too early, the tramp has time to get thoroughly and comfortably fit, ready, and prepared, internally and externally.

He is not likely to get three miles out before he remembers the little map of the country he ought to have brought with him. Nor will he forget his pipe and well-filled pouch, which he intends to bring forth at a certain stile he knows just six miles away, where he intends making his first stop.

To return after sundown, but not too long after, is another great advantage. It is from all points of view a pleasure to find one's way home as the shades of evening are beginning to fall. There is no vacant hour before one can settle down to the quiet and easy evening, but one can walk straight from the dusty road on the field footpath, with slow steps, and at a delicious lingering pace as the familiar home comes in sight, up to the dressing-room.

THE REWARD.

Home with joints aching with self-imposed exercise, with slow and easy movements one can unlace and take off the well-tried boots, into whose every crack and opening the dust of earth has penetrated. Then into the refreshing bath, and so back again to civilisation and dinner, and friendly, desultory gossip, and a thought of the road one travelled. Then to bed.

It is well to plan out a route which will always give the tramp an object in his walk—something to attain and achieve. But such a plan should not be traced too definitely or fixed too rigidly. It soon becomes a burden.

There should, however, be a limit fixed for the day's tramp, some village, or point upon a range of hills, some monument of man or nature to guide and beckon through the day.

And the way home should be over new ground. There ought to be no retracing of steps. Out-and-home journeys can, almost anywhere in the British Isles, be made over different ground, and a well-planned walk of any length, from ten to eighteen miles, should give an unceasing variety of scene.

THE DAY BEFORE HIM.

Swinging along briskly, but not with any suggestion of the demon of hurry in his gait, the tramp enjoys every step of the way.

The day lies before him. Every hedge and bank, every tree has its interest. Each turn in the road—and what roads have such alluring turnings as the English lanes and highways?—is the beginning of a new land.

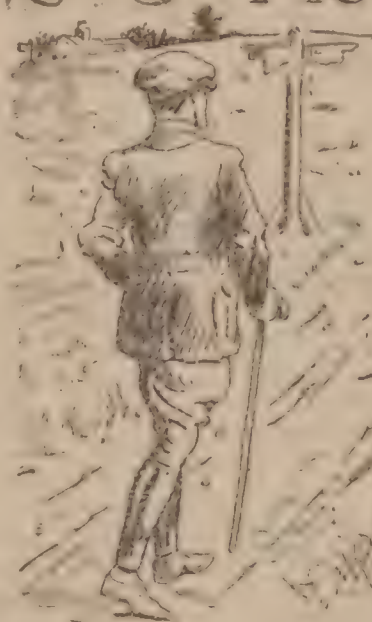
His farther surroundings change their appearance and position with every mile, so that the hill-top clump of trees that he left straight behind him an hour previously has worked its way round to one side or the other, and new vistas are opened in its place.

The long wood that threw a billowy arm of green along the foot of the hill has become shortened into a confused forest as he sees it now, and away in the blue distance he sees short, shining strips of the river that runs round about the place whence he started.

Where he now stands was, an hour or two previously, a dim and distant confusion of fields and woods.

Now, on his arrival, it has sorted itself out into

A DAY'S MURCH.



something like the old and he knows that the distant valley into which he looks change as he approaches from its present greenness into villages and farms,steads through which roads and lanes that now are hidden.

He moves slowly enough these changes in the aspect to break gradually upon him, and for no half-mile of his whole day's work does he see the same lie of the land either far or near. He exercises a free and fastidious choice as to where he will make his half-way halt—the farthest east or west, or north or south—for he is like any explorer.

He will rest here at this woodside; but still on he goes, always looking for the ideal, expecting it at the next, and next, and yet the next turn.

But thirst and hunger drive him forward, and he has satisfied both at cottage or inn, and he goes forth contented for a long halt under the trees before the return begins.

DELICIOUS LAZINESS.

Here he lies, sprawls, dozes, wakes, and at his map, rises, shakes himself like any coming out of the water, and looks out over the country towards home.

Far away across field and wood he can make out one or two familiar features of the landscape. Every step now brings him nearer to home, and as he reaches the last mile or so his wander back over the miles he has tramped, and he thanks his stars that he is not now setting out.

But he has enjoyed himself thoroughly, and later on, when at ease he sits smoking, he will fancy take the walk over again, and still later he will fall asleep in reality in a comfortable bed, but still under the impression that he is far away, dozing beneath the roadside hedge.

W. TAYLOR.

TAKING EXERCISE.

A thorough and all-round sportsman recently confessed to the writer that he never enjoyed exercise while it was in progress, and that his pleasure from it came afterwards.

"I cannot say that I am actually happier usual during a game of football," he said, "when I have a rub down and get my own clothes on again I feel just fine."

Subsequent inquiries made by the writer led him to think that this feeling in regard to exercise is shared by many others.

It is particularly noticeable in early morning exercise. No man feels absolutely fit first thing in the morning, but there are many men who nevertheless, take half an hour or an hour of strenuous exercise before breakfast.

During this exercise they certainly do not feel either fit or happy, but they believe that it sets them up for the day. If they are of robust constitutions it certainly may, but the average man will enjoy his exercise much better if he takes his usual breakfast first or at least his first with a glass of milk and a biscuit.

The man who makes a principle of never exercising or drinking anything at all till after his exercise is deliberately preventing himself from deriving any immediate pleasure from it, for pleasure perhaps comes afterwards, but certainly not at the time.

This is not as it should be.

All kinds of active sport and exercise should be pleasurable, provided you take them when you feel inclined, and do not force yourself to them.

Often you can make yourself inclined for exercise by having a good wash, and thus freshen yourself, or by having a bite of food. If you go that this plan answers, you should certainly do it, for the few hours that we have for exercise are too valuable not to be fully utilised.

FLYING

A DIREFUL PROPHECY.

By PHILIP READ.

The British public, when it is enthusiastic over any man or any thing, thinks nothing of after-effects. It is only the first causes, the primary affair, that matters.

They feast a man at civic dinners, pre-ows not what to do with—but they do not into the future.

Public admires so whole-heartedly and so as the British, even if your achievement may spell ruin to it, it will still banquet you and praise you.

hostesses in the fashionable world will and give dinners. For you Caruso will be engaged to sing, or Kubelik, to play; enterprising journalists, with imaginations, will do you to death in "anal pars"; and when you read the various about yourself, and your witty sayings your earliest days are unearthed, you will, in come to believe them as much as the British does.

CONQUEST OF AN ELEMENT.

has flown the Channel—a thing far worthy in the eyes of most people than it. One is but a feat of endurance, se man could always swim; the other is a of another element—the air also is man's! London, which has lately descended as British stolidity to almost Parisian "went mad," as the papers put it, over who did the wondrous thing. But he is hero. He did not hesitate to remark to "sell more" monoplanes as a of his success. Of course, he is very to "sell more." It resolves itself at the that a precisely where the trouble comes accidents, there will be others to over the air course from France to England, in their turn will put their models on the before, you can see what time will bring will happen to Jones in this new era that

JONES AND OURSELVES.

of the flying age on principalities and governments and Oppositions, is a matter with only those who make politics their people. We are concerned with how the bears upon our very friends, our sur- and love or hate as brothers—in short, of the Common People.

it has happened to Jones?" will be an question, in the flying age.

call round for Jones at his suburban on Saturday afternoons, only to find the and the aeroplane flown, Jones with we hope so. If it has flown without somewhere on *terra firma*, requiring a or a goodly supply of embrocation.

his aeroplane, then another difficulty arises, who are enthusing over Channel have not thought of. He cannot very well marks, and it is somewhat vague even if a message with his landlady that he about for you over Brighton, as you up deuced late, as usual."

short of petrol on the way and to an aeroplane stores for more, you

may fly over his unsuspecting head while he is filling the tanks.

That, for one thing, may cause trouble. If he was back again in the age of wheel progression, you would see his car or motor-bicycle outside the shop and recognise it. In this case, the town or village where he descends will be a mere speck to you from your elevated situation, and how will you be able to recognise Jones's "Pegasus XII." among a number of descending aeroplanes?

It seems, therefore, that this flying is going to lead to the weakening of the bonds of friendship, for it will not be long before some enterprising firm advertises: "Aeroplanes within the reach of all! Send 10s. with order, and the balance by monthly instalments."

It is possible to trace a man riding a horse, or a bicycle, or driving a motor-car in these days by the public-houses he calls at, but this method will be impracticable in the flying age.

If you meet one of the men of your neighbouring office "hovering over Brighton," preparatory to cutting a dash before the girls on the King's Road, you may ask him if he has noticed "old Jones" in his tin-kettle-on-wings.

THAT BRIGAND JONES!

It may disgust you, then, to hear that Jones has literally picked up the "little bit of goods" you promised to meet outside the Métropole, and flown with her over to Paris, thus completely spoiling your afternoon's well-earned holiday.

Such disappointments may make you wish that you were back in the good old times, when it was your habit to take her down to Margate by train for a half-crown return, amid much crush and no little discomfort.

Your next little scheme of revenge, too, will be foiled when you discover that Jones's own rightful possession will not fly with you in pursuit of the flirts, because she is nervous of those "horrid aeroplanes." A few girls may be.

Musing on the deceitfulness of womankind, you will rise again into the upper air and turn the steering head Londonwards miserably, arriving home to find the tea already cold in the teapot, and all the world of suburbia boring in the extreme. Yet they are clamouring for aeroplanes!

THE FLYING AGE.

Those of us who live in the country know it is bad enough in these days to find one's sisters or female cousins beating one in the hunting field—but how about the peaceable, quiet-living young man whose sister becomes, in the flying age, an ardent aeroplanette—while he is a confirmed anti-aeroplanist?

There will be domestic conflict, it is but too clear. It will be galling for the sister to bring back the collar-studs you asked her to purchase for you by monoplane, while you perforce remain a miserable groundling.

There really cannot be a class of sportsmen more thoroughly pleased over the advent of the aeroplane than motorists, for they can see that the police will be baffled this time.

They will not be able to lay traps in mid air, and it is not an amusing occupation chasing things with wings.

Someone else cannot be whistled to stop an aeroplanist who is infringing whatever may become the rule of the air, also it is probable that corpulent inspectors will hardly care to venture on a heavier-than-air machine even when a "safety" model is put at the service of the county constabulary. Still, the poor, deluded policeman walks heavily



along his prescribed beat, and knoweth not what a cruel fate hath in store for him.

Trapping the opulent motorist who does not, seemingly, wish to be burdened with the odd silver he carries in his pocket has been, after all, but child's play of the mildest description, but what chance will they stand with an aeroplanist driving a 50-h.p. motor in his machine, going at a pace that beats swallow-flying? These air-hogs will take some seeing, let alone stopping.

TERRITORIALS IN THE AIR.

In Territorial circles there is already talk of an Aeroplane Corps. How long will it be before the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Aeroplanists comes into existence, and there is an aeroplane race on sports day at camp?

It is wonderful how imminent all these things are. The Sergeant-Major, it appears, will have to be a spectacled scientist, with a command of good, instead of bad, language.

All this tends to revolution, and the old order of things changeth, giving place to new. Future old gentlemen will prefer the homely old motor-cars of the sixty miles an hour speed of their young days, and—drat these new-fangled flying machines, sir!

It is hard to discover a single use that the addition of aeroplanes and flying machines will add to our general scheme of credence.

"ALONG WITH THE MAN IN HIS FLYING MACHINE."

Hot-headed young men will have to be very careful when they ask a lady to fly with them that they are not taken too literally.

If, by some wonderful chance, they mean what they say, they will have to see to it that their aeroplane for two, vaunted in song, is really practicable and carries both a manufacturer's warranty and a double life insurance policy thrown in.

Really, the further that one goes into the matter, the clearer does it become that the aeroplane, while a beautiful dream in theory, is yet a thing of evil in actual existence, and ere the flying age has entered far upon the opening of its era, poor, deluded humanity will be wishing that time, birds, and money were the only things that flew.

CARICATURING.

A most interesting hobby, but one which can scarcely be taken up by everybody, is that of caricaturing one's friends—provided, of course, that they are not so pugnacious as to be dangerous when you show them the results of your handiwork.

For making quite a decent caricature you do not require much knowledge of drawing, but you certainly require the gift of humour. The necessary talent may be found in most unlikely quarters, and in every athletic club, or in fact everywhere where men are gathered together, there are sure to be several who are expert in this direction.

There could be no more interesting form of wall decoration for a man's own private den than a number of caricatures of his friends, and of himself, nicely framed.

COLD WEATHER SWIMMING.

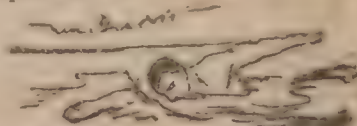
Too many men who are enthusiastic swimmers during the summer months give up the pastime altogether with the approach of autumn.

This means not only losing much enjoyment, but giving up a fine exercise which it is difficult to replace.

Where it is only possible to bathe in the open air, winter and autumn swimming are restricted to the most hardy, but where a heated swimming bath is available it is a pity to give up the sport.

You must make up your mind, however, to work-hard so as to keep the circulation going, and it is advisable to set yourself some new stroke in which you are to become perfect before next "swimming season" comes round.

The cold weather is no time for floating or paddling about, but it is the time to set to and learn to "trudge," or to master the crawl or over-arm strokes. It is always possible for the most experienced swimmer to improve.



THE TURF-CUTTER.

A STUDY.

There are vast tracts of low-lying sedge and marshland in the very heart of England where the peat, or "turf," as the people call it, is as valuable and as much sought after as in any Scottish or Irish countryside, and in England, too, the turf-cutter flourishes.

He is a solitary worker for the most part, and spends long days down on the moor without meeting with a soul or exchanging a single word from morning till night.

If you should wander down upon the levels, attracted by the openness and green solitudes and the silence, and should chance to espy him far off like a speck on the ground, moving slowly along, bent to his work, you should go out of your path to "pass the time of day with him."

He is really worth a visit, and a chat of half an hour will not make much difference to the sum of his labour at the end of the day, nor to the time of your arrival home.

His solitary life has developed in him an extra sense, and, long before you are within speaking distance, something will tell him that his solitude is being broken into.

Slowly he will drive his sharp, narrow, and long-bladed spade into the next block of turf, and leave it there. Then, bending himself erect, slowly, as if the joints of his backbone resented the change of position, and as if the process were somewhat painful after long bending over the dark brown turf, he will nod good-humouredly.

There is no trace of servility in his manner. His open and lonely life has given him broad views of the relations of man and man, and he meets and greets a visitor as an equal, and with courtesy.

Yes; he agrees that the day is fair, and then we fall to talking of the moor, its loneliness, its wild inhabitants, its beauties, and its dangers. In a half-conscious way he knows the moor is beautiful. His gaze over this wide expanse is a lingering one; he sweeps every horizon while he is about it, and seems to agree in silence that the world he works in is wide and fair.

But these things do not move him to expression. He is unused to showing his feelings about such things. He points out, in answer to my question, a little cluster of houses on the edge of the moor, where the higher ground dips down, as the place where he lives.

It is a three-mile walk across the flat moor, day and night, he declares; and then he falls to filling his pipe slowly as the conversation gets easier.

It is a pleasure to watch him at this. He handles the pipe with such respect. It is his sole companion most days. And then he produces the quaint tin box which serves as pouch, and from it draws in shreds the deep brown shag that matches the peat he has cut.

He kneads it slowly into the bowl, and when it glows and draws well he turns again to his spade and slices, slices steadily, piling up around him small heaps of turf to dry and season in the air. The very sight of these piles of clean-cut "turves" sends our thoughts across the moor to many a cottage, where it is now being heaped high in every shed against the coming of winter.

It burns with a smoke both blue and fragrant. It glows with a smouldering redness that seldom bursts into flame. The scent of it is eloquent of frosty mornings and sharp appetites and glittering window panes with frosted fern traceries and the sleep of the year.

To him it was fuel, and little else—a means of livelihood. And as he resumed his digging and cutting and piling up our talk slackened, died away, as if by common understanding; and without formal farewell I left him.

Many times I turned again to watch him. The regular action of his digging fascinated me as long as it was visible, but distance once again shrouded him in indistinctness, and he became again the speck upon the level moor—the turf-cutter at work.

M. BRUCE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

A MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Ever since this paper has been founded I have received letters from readers requesting me to start some sort of league or association, so that readers might become acquainted with one another.

I have weighed the matter up, and it is not so simple as you might think it at first sight.

Various leagues have been formed by different journals, but they have been such palpable frauds that I have been rather freezed off the idea of running a league at all.

OTHER LEAGUES.

I know of one paper which invites its readers to join its league and to send two penny stamps for a card of membership. One of these penny stamps is used to pay the postage on a card, which costs the owners of the paper very much less than a farthing to produce, so that the profit on each entry is over three farthings.

Various inducements are held out to tempt people to join their league, such as competitions for their special benefit, but, somehow or another, these competitions never appear.

I know of another league which has also been founded by a paper, and the sole reason for its existence is that its members may be fleeced by the proprietors, who send to them periodically prospectuses of bogus companies, and in other ways do their best to get money from them.

Knowing these things, I have rather hesitated to found a league in connection with this paper, for I have felt that there might be, in the minds of some readers, doubts as to my purpose, and I dislike intensely to be distrusted.

MY READERS' DEMAND.

I feel, however, that I cannot hesitate any longer. Some sort of league in connection with this paper is demanded by so many readers that I see it is very much wanted.

I have often thought when I have been in a strange town that I should like to be able to recognise my readers, and I know that my readers would be as pleased to recognise one another.

I think, therefore, that in connection with any league which I may found we ought to have some sort of badge by which we might know each other.

This badge would cost a little, but I shall make arrangements for turning them out by the thousand, so that the price would be insignificant, and I absolutely guarantee that I shall not endeavour in any way whatsoever to use the league for ulterior objects. I shall not allow its members to be circularised by advertisers or anyone else, and I shall not charge entry-money or in any way make money out of the idea.

It may seem a little unnecessary for me to give you this assurance, but the way in which other leagues founded by papers have been conducted induces me to state my intentions candidly.

HAVE YOU ANY SUGGESTION?

It has been suggested to me that we should have MODERN MAN Clubs in every large town, but I am afraid that it would be very difficult to run them. As a start I think we should content ourselves with a league of the simplest kind. We would each wear some sort of badge so that we might recognise one another, and the badge would be equivalent to an introduction.

After all, we are each of us sportsmen, or do our best to be so, and we should enjoy one another's company. I think that in the foundation of such a league the problem of the lonely chap is solved for always.

What do you think about it? If you have any ideas on the matter, will you kindly let me have the benefit of them?

I want the league to be a power throughout the country, a factor in stimulating thorough sportsmanship, and in knocking humbug on the head.

If we pull together, I think we ought to accomplish it.

A CRITICISM.

I have received the following letter from a reader: "I like your paper," he says, "but I do not like the way in which you push your sales. I frequently see in the streets of London hawkers exhibiting your posters and selling copies of your paper. Most of these men appear to be extremely poor, and many of them look as if they had come to their present state through drink. I think it is scarcely to your credit to make your profits through people like these."

STREET MEN.

Before I give any defence of my system of employing, what we call in the trade, "street men" for the sale of my paper, I will give you particulars of my sales in the streets of London.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of each week I engage from 120 to 150 hawkers to show my paper, and to sell the paper, and by this means I sell each week from 7,000 to 10,000 copies from the London streets. This is apart altogether from the number sold by London newsagents. I have organised my system of street sales till I think I can justly claim that it is unequalled by any other paper.

Now for my defence. The street hawker occupies, unquestionably, a very humble rung on the social ladder, and I should be sorry to think that I had been in any way the means of making a man a street hawker. When I started this paper, however, I found that this class had already been made by circumstances or by folly. I found that there were in my disposal many destitute men who were too happy to discover a means of earning a few shillings each day.

I worked upon a definite system, and organised a number of these men, so that I can now rely upon their services for two days in the week. I pay them for showing the poster, for its circulation helps to advertise the paper and brings readers; but that is not their only remuneration for they have found by experience that MODERN MAN sells very quickly, and that the profit accruing to them from this source is considerable.

WHAT OTHER PAPERS DO.

The majority of other papers which are on sale in the streets of London are supplied to hawkers at greatly reduced rates, and some of them are given to them for nothing. This must not be mistaken for leniency on the part of the newspaper proprietors; the reason is simply that if they had to pay wholesale prices for their papers they would find themselves with scarcely anything in pocket, because the papers sell very cheaply.

In the case of THE MODERN MAN, I never supplied copies to hawkers at any reduction whatsoever.

They have to get their copies from the ordinary sale houses in the ordinary way; and yet, in spite of my charging full rates, they find it better to buy THE MODERN MAN than the papers supplied to them by the trusts, because they can sell more of mine than of the others.

MY OWN FEELING.

I have tried to give you facts in this matter so that you may form your own opinion. Personally, I may say that my action is absolutely clear. I did not bring hawkers to their present position; I found them there, and if by selling my paper they can get a living, I do not see that I am doing anything assisting them to do so.

They sell the paper on the same terms as ordinary newsagents. They do me a service in showing the posters, and for this service I pay them.

I therefore think that we are quits, and that my correspondent has judged me harshly.

YOUR

Westinghouse Building, Strand,



THE POPULAR MAN.

VI. THE THOROUGH SPORTSMAN.

It is only the all-round sportsman who achieves popularity by reason of his sportsmanship. The man who excels at one particular form of sport, and devotes himself to that alone, may win admiration, but, if he is to gain popularity, he must depend on something further. Envy is more likely to be what he will meet with.

Prowess in a single sport has not its root in the character of the man. Sportsmanship is essentially a characteristic, and may almost be elevated to a place in the catalogue of virtues.

Yet the sportsman would be the last to assent to such a "preachy" definition of what comes naturally to him and seems part of himself.

He may not excel in sport—though, as a matter of fact, he seems to have a kind of knack which enables him to make a pretty good showing, however great his inexperience. He is always ready to learn, and the inevitable failures at the beginning do anything but discourage him. He can take a beating and show no more sign of it than a greater keenness to do better.

There is something magnetic about the real all-round sportsman, something that attracts his fellow-men to him.

He is always "on" for a bit of fun. He will take part in any game or sport, but he does not live for sport. It is just a means of recreation to him, not an obsession which makes him useless in any more important sphere of life and a bore to his friends.

He is, above all, adaptable to circumstances and surroundings. He will not talk sport to old ladies of a past generation which did not give sport the prominence that the rush of modern life and the development of the newspaper Press have brought in their train.

Yet to the fellow-sportsman he will talk understandingly of the subject nearest his heart, and feel, rather than pretend, an interest in the game or pursuit that is his friend's favourite, even though he himself may have no practical experience or knowledge of it.

He may find himself on a holiday with a number of enthusiastic fishermen. He will not leave them to their angling while he cycles or walks or indulges in some pastime which may be more congenial to him. He will not damp their ardour when they return in the evening and tell of their enormous catches, when the pipes are lit and the arm-chairs are drawn up to the fire.

No, he will get hold of a rod and humbly ask one of the others to take him in hand and put him up to the game, and, instead of being a wet blanket, and perhaps in spite of the most striking member of success, he will be the most enthusiastic success of the party, and his delight at his friends' success will be tempered by no trace of jealousy.

That is the secret of the sportsman's popularity. He is ready for anything, broad-minded, with a dash of animal and a lot of heart in him.

He doesn't brag about his sportsmanship; in fact, I doubt if the genuine all-round sportsman knows he is one.

There is a lot of nonsense talked nowadays about sportsmanship and "playing the game."

It is all sound enough in theory, but the worst of it is that those who talk most about it are most lacking in the best qualities of the sportsman, and the "sporting" characteristics which they do possess are not always such as to bring sport into high favour.

The real sportsman, however, is so unconsciously. He does not go about exhorting others to "be a sport"—as who should say, "Look at me. I am one, and surely worth imitating." There is a vein of humility about him which is far more pleasant.

He doesn't overdo his sport and develop body at the expense of brain. It is his relaxation, and not his profession or his end in life. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is his motto, and it is small wonder that he is popular not only with men, but with children and women, and animals as well.

G. C. HAMILTON.

SPORTING STORIES



"You're a liar!"

"You're another!" retorted the second man.

"Calm yourselves, gentlemen," interposed the peacemaker. It is quite possible that you are both right."

Then they both went for him.

"Is that you, John?" asked Mrs. Jenkins in a nervous voice, as she heard someone moving about in the darkness.

"It is," replied Mr. Jenkins.

"You gave me such a shock," said the lady. "I thought at first there was a man in the house."

SHE: No; Phyllis will never marry unless she finds her ideal.

HE: What is her ideal?

SHE: A man who will propose.

THE TEACHER: You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, it is grimy, likes dirt, and is fond of mud. Now what is it, Willie?

LITTLE WILLIE: Me.

MISS PULTENEY: Did Mr. Jones say to you as I entered the drawing-room last night, Clara, "Is that the beautiful Miss Pulteney?"

CLARA: Yes, dear, with the accent on the "that."

SHE: Who said one man was as good as another? Some Socialist, I suppose?

HE: No. Some old maid.

"Miss Edith," said the young man, "may I ask you, please, not to call me Mr. Smithson?"

"But," said Miss Edith, with great coyness, "our acquaintance is so short, you know. Why should I not call you that?"

"Well," said the young man, "chiefly because my name is Smith."

THE CUSTOMER: No, it doesn't fit, and I shall expect the money back.

MR. MOSES: But, s'help me —

THE CUSTOMER: Your advertisements say, "Money returned if not approved."

MR. MOSES: So they do, ma tear sir, so they do; but your money was approved—it was very good money.

THE COMPARATIVE CHILD: What is silence, father?

FATHER: The counterfeit of wisdom, my son.

BARBER (to himself): He won't buy any hair-restorative; he doesn't need any moustache-bandage. I'll clip a piece out of his ear, then he'll have to buy some court-plaster!

THE GOOD SAMARITAN: You say you have a sick wife and three small children—can't you find work?

THE DESERVING CASE: 'Twouldn't do no good, lady. The kids ain't old enough to work.

LACROSSE.

A WINTER GAME THAT DESERVES GREATER POPULARITY.

The Canadian national game of lacrosse has won considerable popularity in this country, though not, perhaps, that to which its great merits entitle it, possibly because it requires a ground as large as a football one to play it, and football has a prior claim in such spaces.

Nevertheless, the English Lacrosse Union is in a flourishing condition, and up North, especially Lancashire way, they are enthusiastic about the game.

Lacrosse calls for many of the best qualities of athletic manhood. It is a tremendously fast game, and a player must be a fleet runner and in the pink of condition to shine at it. Then the catching and slinging of the ball, which is of indiarubber, and weighs from 4½ to 5 ounces, demand great sureness of hand and eye, while the passing from one player to another develops judgment and makes for collective play and unselfishness.

Further, it is an excellent game for teaching you to control your temper. Rough play is sternly discountenanced, but accidental hard knocks are inevitable and frequent.

The players are twelve a-side, designated as follows: goalkeeper, point, cover point, third man, right defence, left defence, centre, right attack, left attack, third home, second home, first home. The two centres face each other in the middle of the field, and with the exception of the goalkeepers there are always two opponents together, ready to struggle for the ball whenever it comes in their direction.

The object of the game is to propel the ball through either of the goals, which are six feet wide, six feet high, and not less than 100 yards or more than 150 yards apart, and the crosse is the instrument used for catching and throwing the ball.

It is something like a hockey stick, but from the curved end a net is stretched to a point in the handle, and it is in this net that the ball is caught and delivered.

The player may run with the ball carried in the net, his immediate opponent meanwhile striving to dispossess him of it, sling it to another of his own side—the catching and passing at lacrosse is very pretty to watch—or try to shoot a goal on his own.

The goalkeeper, if within his crease, may stop the ball with hand or foot, or block it in any way with his crosse or body, but otherwise handling is not allowed.

The game lasts an hour and a half, sides being changed at half-time, and an excellent rule provides that if a player is injured and cannot continue, his side may play a substitute or call upon the other side to leave out one of their men.

"Free positions," corresponding to free kicks at football, are given for fouls, and in many respects the game resembles hockey.

Charging is not allowed, but a player may "check" another by placing his body in front of him.

The particular attractions of lacrosse are its fastness and variety. The ball is passed up and down the field with almost inconceivable rapidity, and every player gets his full share of the game, though naturally point and cover point have most chances of scoring goals.

The M.C.C. some time ago adopted lacrosse as its winter game, with headquarters at Lord's, while at both Oxford and Cambridge it is popular, though the authorities there have not yet given full "Blues" for Varsity players.

When full athletic honours are bestowed upon those who excel at this game—as some day they will be bestowed—a great impulse will be given to its popularity.

An interesting fact is that long before lacrosse was played in England it was played at Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh, owing to the fact that many of the boys at the establishment were Canadians.

L. FITZROY.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.
AMBIDEXTERITY.

Very few are equally developed—both sides of the body are rarely proportionately or symmetrically equal. The right arm is larger and stronger, the right side more elastic and supple, and the right leg more muscular than the left.

It is easy to throw stones or lift weights with the right hand, but the grip of the left hand is far weaker.

Now, no athlete worthy of the name would rest content with this state of affairs. Of course, the fault is started in the nursery, where misguided parents or nurses immediately check a child who is performing tasks with the left hand which are usually done with the right. "Left-handed" is almost a term of reproach—it is difficult to see why.

Certainly the right hand and arm are overdeveloped because overworked. Study yourself in the mirror, and you will see it is as I say.

Give the left hand a chance; carry your stick or umbrella in your left hand. Try raising and lowering your body from the floor, using your left arm for the purpose, and straightening the arm each time. It will prove fatiguing at first, but it will develop those dwindling muscles splendidly. Also try a course of exercises with the developer using the left hand only, and forget for a brief time that you have a right hand.

"Left-handed, right-hearted" is a saying—whether it be true or not, certain it is that the man who is ambidextrous has an advantage over his fellows, even in such simple processes as throwing a ball or cutting bread.

There is nothing to be ashamed of in being left-handed—rather the reverse—and many a man who, through illness or accident, has lost the use of his good right arm is thankful to the foresight which enables him to write with the usually despised left.

All the exercises given on this page in this and past issues are devised as far as possible for the development of both sides of the body equally.

Great care should be taken, therefore, to avoid the tendency to go through the motions with greater vigour with the right limbs than with the left.

A CHEST EXPANDER.

This extremely simple exercise is as sound a means of expanding and developing your chest as you could wish for.



Simple, but very effective.

Stand at attention and then raise the arms at full length in front of the body, so that they are exactly horizontal.

Clench the fists and tense the arm muscles.

Now separate the arms and swing them smartly back, still in the same plane, forcing them as far as possible behind the back.

Pause a second and then bring them back to the position shown in the sketch.

Carry them back again and continue these movements about a dozen times.

Each time you open out the chest, you should take a deep breath as the arms go back, and the body should not move at all throughout the exercise.

ON REGULAR HABITS.

Cultivate regular habits.

There is a time for eating and drinking and a time for rest and exercise. Food at irregular hours, spasmodic exercise, and odd hours for retiring to rest will play havoc with the strongest constitution.

Athletes in training, wrestlers preparing for a great match, and boxers undergoing polishing for an important contest are punctual in their habits "to a tick."

The mind reacts upon the body, and the body of a well-trained athlete responds to the will of its possessor like a horse to its rider.

Avoid late hours. Try and retire always at the same time.

Rise at the same fixed hour every morning. Have your meals served punctually every day. Don't over-eat—just enough and a trifle over is the ideal.

Exercise regularly; never omit the cold tub, summer or winter, if you are strong enough to stand it.

Occupy yourself at all times, and whether you have pleasure or work in hand, do it thoroughly.

FOR THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

Lie at full length on the floor and extend the arms as far as possible beyond the head, with the thumbs locked together.

Now, keeping the legs flat on the ground, with the feet fully extended, raise the body from the hips; bring the arms and head forward to enable you to do so the more easily. When you reach a sitting posture, clasp the hands at the back of the neck and lower the body slowly by allowing the abdominal muscles gradually to relax.

The great thing to be careful of is that the heels must remain on the floor, for the tendency to save the strain on the abdomen by bringing the body up to the perpendicular with the help of the weight of the legs is so strong that you will have to fight against it.

There is no exercise so useful for developing the muscles of the abdomen, on the steady contraction of which the raising of the body entirely depends.



An exercise which develops by means of a steady strain.

STAND UPRIGHT

To a far greater extent than is commonly supposed, a man's health depends on how he stands.

The organs of the body demand room to work in.

The man who stands slackly cramps and retards the work of those organs. Lungs, heart, liver, stomach, etc., are contracted and unable to work in unison, because literally they are overcrowded—they have not room enough to work properly.

The man who stands improperly has the head bent forward, the chest sunken, and the stomach protruding.

The internal organs are collapsed in proportion. The man who stands upright, with chest out, shoulders back, and head up carries his vital organs at the right level.

You should practise standing with the abdomen contracted and the chest thrown out like a soldier on parade. It soon begins to come naturally without thought.

A useful exercise to straighten the back and strengthen the neck muscles is to carry a heavy book on the head. Another is the exercise, before described, of bending down and touching the toes with the fingers, keeping the legs straight.

A BATTING EXERCISE.

Last week I gave a "bowling exercise" on this page, and it may well be followed up by another exercise which will give some of the advantages of cricket during the off season.

Step obliquely forward—a sort of gentle lunge with the right foot—and raise the hands above the right shoulder as if you were holding a cricket bat and were about to take a vigorous swipe at a half-volley.

The hands must, of course, be brought up smartly, as they would if a ball were really on its way to your wicket, but instead of the stroke which should follow, the arms must be returned gently to the sides, while you resume the upright position and bring the legs together.

The starting position, instead of being the attitude of the batsman, is erect with the hands at the sides and the heels together.

The same process should now be gone through with the arms raised to the left, and the left leg advanced, just as if you were a left-handed batsman.

Repeat it vigorously half a dozen times or more, and the whole body will profit in suppleness and grace of movement, and the shoulders and legs will be developed.



Cricket out of season.

ON YAWNING.

A certain great singer on commencing was told by the professor that to open the throat properly you must yawn.

This and other good effects produced by yawning entitles the exercise to come under the head of physical culture. It enlarges the chest and strengthens the respiratory organs.

Nature has provided the act of yawning as an antidote to fatigue. When the lungs are inefficiently supplied with oxygen, we yawn.

Also, it heralds an attack of indigestion; in these instances it serves as Nature's signal.

Of course, as more air is taken in when yawning, care should be taken to ensure that the air is fresh, pure air. First thing in the morning throw up the window a little higher and yawn half a dozen times. This will increase chest capacity, cleanse the lungs, strengthen the throat, and will enable you to get rid of the "morning dust."

Try it—a regular dog's yawn.

HOW TO GET FIT FOR "FOOTER."

Exercise is of paramount importance. The secret of exercise, of course, depends greatly on whether you are a full back, a half-back, or a forward.

But each and all want plenty of exercise in fresh air. Sprinting is useful for the back, but forward is a stayer as well, and therefore good steady walks are to be advised. In fact, nothing beats walking as a means towards getting fit. All are benefited by a spell of gym work, kicking and making short runs. And it is well in your spare time to indulge in club sports, skipping, and other exercises, which give play to the muscles.

"What do they know of football, who can't football know?" To aspire to be a crack player means hard practice, docting oneself in all relating to drink, food, and sleep.

But it is as well to remember when starting to get fit that it is as possible to get fit in football as in every other branch of athletics.

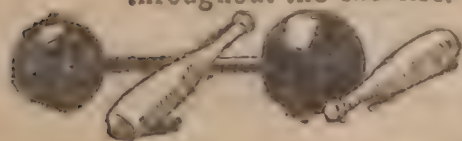
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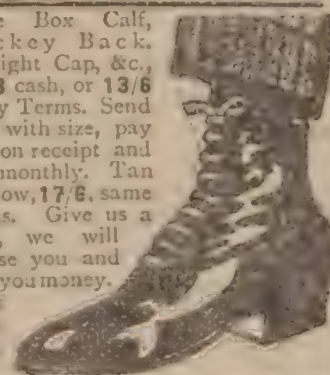
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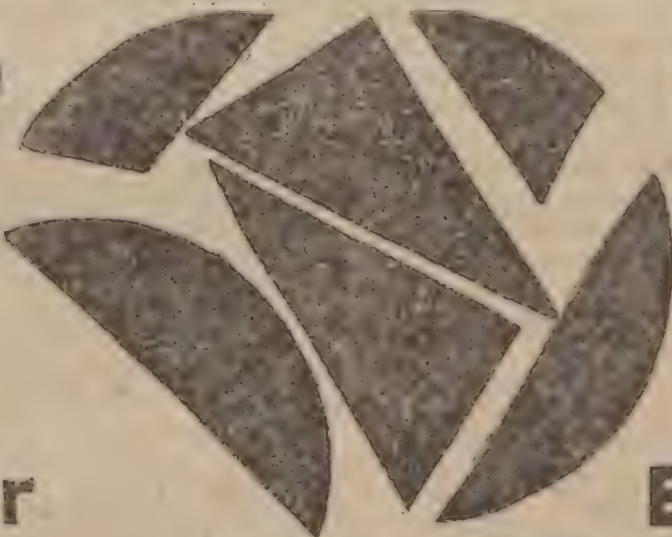
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to

to

Enter

Enter



This grand Competition is entirely **FREE TO ENTER**, and every reader of this paper can enter for it. Just for a few minutes of clever brain work you may share in the large Cash Prizes we are offering. The pieces above have to be cut out and formed into a circle. You will have to puzzle your brains for a while, but keep at it until you succeed in forming the circle, and when you have done so paste or gum the pieces on a sheet of paper and write your name and address underneath. We shall give £200 in cash to those who form the circle correctly, and if more than one correct solution is received we shall divide the money *pro rata*. Send in your solution at once, as even if you do not get all the pieces correct we offer another prize of £50 to be divided *pro rata* amongst those who place not less than 4 pieces correctly. As we have already stated, this competition is **FREE TO ENTER**, and there is only one simple condition with which you have to comply, and which need cost you, necessarily, not one single penny piece. With your solution enclose a stamped addressed envelope for result, &c., and at the same time we shall also tell you about other cash prizes value about £1,750.

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AN IMPRESSION.

"Yes, these postcards are threepence each, sir—hand-painted, you will see. I am doing some of them now. You like the cloud effect? Yes, not bad for water-colours, but I prefer painting in oils. The first is a case of bread-and-butter. The second? Well, bit of a dream, I fear. Four? Thank you, sir. One shilling. Thank you."

I will admit that I met the only "artist" I have ever known at an exhibition—a very ordinary exhibition, where one paid a shilling at the gate and proceeded to make a sovereign "look silly" on side shows and petty purchases.

My artist did not answer the picturesque idea at all. His hair was close-cropped and straight, and I liked him because of this. He wore neither a flowing tie nor a soft collar.

It was a very damp evening, with the band in the gardens playing a dismal dirge borne clear on the watery air. I lingered for a while under the shelter of the stall of the postcard-painter. He offered me a match to light my pipe—a tolerably decent fellow, this.

"Trade," I said, "is slack."

He looked up and winced slightly. I saw that I had offended him unwittingly.

"Trade?" he said. "Oh, yes, of course—trade. This isn't Art, anyway; but—"

"Go on," I said sympathisingly.

"Oh, well, I suppose I am rather a fool. It's that dreaming again you know. And a man that's married has no particular right to dream, eh?"

"Bills and teething *should* wake him up, certainly," I observed.

"No teething, sir—no teething!"—my artist was laughing—"but bills, plenty of bills. Lodgings at the back of this exhibition are fairly expensive. Pooh—London. Now, my idea is—"

"Impracticable," I put in. "I know exactly. There you are. Sketch it out in your mind's eye. Devonshire—am I right?"

"Perfectly. Go on, sir. I like to meet someone who's got ideas above South-west London."

There was no doubting the sincerity of the tone. I pulled at my briar reflectively. My artist continued with his "bread-and-butter work," using a sable brush to some effect on the background of a water-colour postcard—a yellow, lightly-drawn, sunset effect over an impossible river.

"Very well," I said, "we've got to Devonshire. A cottage by the roadside, lattice-windowed, with a garden and a wicket-gate."

"Ivy-grown walls, with the windows half hidden," the artist put in.

"That would spoil the light in the rooms, but no matter," I said. "Also it would harbour insects."

"I thought we had agreed to dream, sir."

"Dreams like this don't buy bread-and-butter, you know, but never mind. Of course the cottage would be set in the midst of characteristic Devonshire scenery—high-waving gorse in the background along the cliff edge, with young birds sunning themselves on the ledges and the sea bubbling below."

"You've got it to a 'T.' One moment, while I get in this miserable alleged boat—must have a

PAINTER IN OILS

suit the public taste. Have you noticed how it only finds the most ordinary, everyday things palatable?"

"This is an ordinary life, my boy. God help all artists—they need it, I believe, unless they have an income."

"Mine doesn't run to canvases even, but if I had the chance now—"

The postcard painter laid down his brush.

"Ah, if I had the chance!" he sighed. "But may the gods help me to remember"—he seemed to check himself suddenly—"to remember that coals are dearer in the winter," he concluded. "But you were talking of Devonshire. Try the interior of the house. I agree with you absolutely so far."

"Interior. Oh—walls painted, not papered. Two or three little things of your own hanging thereon, eh? And a good substantial-looking tobacco-jar, antique chairs, with a good modern fat arm-chair covered in tone with the rest of the furniture, tiled hall, with blue china plates on a shelf that runs round it, curtains half obscuring the stairway—"

"Hangings of half-tone style, sepia and dull red mixture, not lace curtains."

"Of course not. Well, there'd be a studio, of course, with cast models, or perhaps studies in the —"

"Excuse me. I am a landscape painter." He pulled me up immediately.

"And a village maiden she," I quoted, confusedly, from something of Tennyson's. "Very well. No models in plaster or smiles. Then you'd have an easel which you would take out in the day and —"

"An excellent and comprehensive selection of oils. Just think of preparing the canvas overnight! Go on."

"An easel which you would take out in the day," I repeated, firmly. "Warm, summer days, sort of thing, that only come in autumn in these times. You'd take out your stool and easel, also the paint-brushes. One moment, though, that would be rather a lot to carry."

"Never mind. Consider I've got out with them all right. A small bare-legged boy from a neighbouring cottage would—"

"Probable drop the lot. (Excuse my being so practical.) Then you could implant yourself in the midst of daisy-carpeted fields, and contemplate the browsing kine. Is that right—browsing kine?"

"Expresses it perfectly."

"Yes; it does sound better than old cows swishing their tails to keep the flies off, doesn't it? So you would sit, and, gradually upon the canvas would appear the beauty touch of Nature's own artist—how's that?—and on that canvas would appear, almost imperceptibly but still there, the dim suggestion of the oozing fatness of Devonshire."

"The county of milk and honey and dairy-maids."

"Aged sixty or so, wiping their hands on aprons that would be speckless were it not in the middle of the week. I follow you practically, it not ideally. So the soft winds would blow from the sea, murmuring tales of lands they have caressed on their soft, careless way. Down wind a bee would hum, and a gauzy-winged dragon-fly glint in the sun. Over all reigns the peace of the blessed."

"Excuse me, sir," my painter said. "Are you a poet in disguise? That's what I call beautiful—those last observations of yours. You *must* be a poet."

"No, old boy, call me a coal-heaver if you will, but, to put it plainly, I, like you, must have bread-and-butter, and with a little jam on it if possible. Also I have too much sympathy for the declining hair-dresser's trade in Fleet Street. But I see you have a possible customer, and so it means—"

"The butter," said the would-be painter in oils.

S. B. WORSFOLD.

THE HUMAN MISFIT.

A SKETCH.

He was a human misfit. Nature had made him but had forgotten to make a place for him. He did not fit in with the modern scheme of things. He said the times were out of joint, but the fault lay not with the times but with himself.

He was a courtier in these days when there was no Court—he ought to have worn a wig and breeches, ruffles and a sword. He would have ruffled it with the best.

But now he was simply a misfit, and by irony of fate he was a clerk to a self-made man who was a typical product of his age—ostentatious, bombastic.

To set that courtly individual in a dusty house to invoice bales of cotton waste savoured the grotesque.

To see them together was like putting a painting of a cavalier side by side with the cheapest production of a seaside photographer.

It was one of Nature's little jokes.

I have never heard him complain of his lot. I even doubt whether he consciously resented.

He seemed to take things for granted, to accept his position philosophically; he seemed to me of a French aristocrat held in dumbly awaiting what Fate might hold.

I don't know who he was, nor where he originally came from. We simply chanced to meet.

That he had a past I divined, for he touched upon it. Sometimes a colour came into his face and a flash into his eyes that was alien to the clerk; perhaps it was a recollection of old fighting days.

When I knew him, however, he had no hobby besides his books, and that was another thing.

Often and often I have seen him sitting in his dreamy eyes fixed on the surface of the water. I used to wonder what he thought of.

Occasionally he would talk as he walked, bite, talk as the men of bygone ages talked, the beautiful in life, not the sordid to-day. Not that he preached, he was a man of a man and a sportsman, though he was a misfit.

And he passed away in a fashion peculiarly fitting to him—out in the open, away from the influences of dusty warehouse and bales of waste, with the rush of waters in his ears, and the grey skies beloved of the fisherman, and a breeze.

His was the death of a brave man.

His favourite recreation claimed him one afternoon, an ideal afternoon from the point of view. The landscape was a scheme in grey and green.

Down to the side of the stream, on the bank, toddled a child who had escaped from the nurse, and in front of the little white-trimmed boat fluttered a gay butterfly, the lure of the employed.

The water presented no impediment to the but the little human butterfly fell in.

The angler saw her peril too late to prevent immersion, but he made up for that.

Shouting to the frantic nurse to rush to the mill and stop the wheel, in the twinkling of an eye he had kicked off his fisherman's boots, had plunged in to the child's rescue—the child a bundle of white, at the mercy of the running water.

But, alas! the nurse, paralysed with fear, not caught his instructions. Instead, she was wringing her hands at the water's edge.

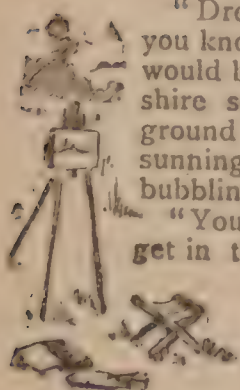
He was a poor swimmer, and the stream swollen by reason of the recent rains.

The mill was in full work. So the water, the wheel had it all their own way, and with its victims, each in its own peculiar way.

Both were doomed from the first—the child who no doubt fitted into its own machinery of the universe, and the human misfit.

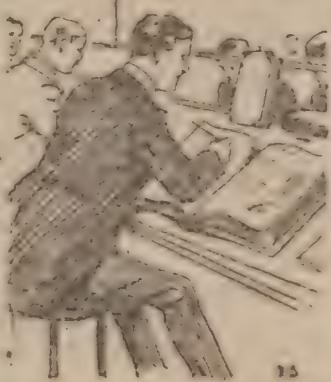
Was he a misfit? Here he was—but perhaps there is a sphere where the errors of Nature are rectified.

G. BULFORD.



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

WEEKLY FEATURE.
CONDUCTED BY
MACNAUGHTEN.
THE ART OF
BUSINESS
INTERVIEWING.



Who is going to be good in business? he knows exactly his own point, and he knows his good points. He knows that he is going to show up well in the eyes of those he meets, but he unfortunately he often fails to do so. Particularly in interviews with someone you meet for the first time that you allow yourself to run away with you. I think that I may very well deal first with business interviews of different kinds, the interview which secures, or which secures a job, for in a man's business career interview is generally the earliest one he has.

And in your application for a post, and you receive the much-coveted message from the hitherto anonymous advertiser that he is pleased to see you on a certain day at a certain time. He mentions a very definite time, such as this leads you to suppose—and rightly so—and he is interviewing several other applicants that he has timed them all so as to get settled without useless delay.

And as possible, for, to put the matter as you have got to cut the other applicants' qualifications are pretty good, or else you would not have been asked to interview the prospective employer. The main thing is to put him with the fact that you are every bit as good as you seem to be on paper—and a bit of appearance counts for a lot.

It is a tradition that a man should wear a frock-coat and silk hat when he was applying for a job, and I suppose this still holds in those posts where frock-coats and silk hats are worn, but for a clerk to turn up so dressed is likely to give a bad impression.

PROSPEROUS.

These days you do not find posts very heavily advertised, and the employer likes to feel that the man he is giving is of moment to the person he takes it to, for, unless this is so, he does not take for efficiency and progress.

A man with the frock-coat may be a highly competent and desirable man in every way, but there may be some other applicant almost as good as he, and whose salary offered seems to be of more importance; and in most cases it will be to the employer's advantage to give the situation.

On the other hand, one should never apply for a post in a frock-coat and silk hat that are untidy.

It is inevitable; in the case of a man who is applying for work it is often painfully obvious to the hard-headed business man who is not to a decision as to whether he will engage or not. But poverty and tidiness can go hand in hand.

His boots and collar are clean, and his hair is well brushed, the prospective employer is more likely to be trim and tidy in his work.

In the course of my business career I have interviewed many applicants for posts, and I have been much struck by the way in which some try to fascinate me—if that is the right word.

They mince their speech, they smile, and generally conduct themselves like half-grown girls.

The right manner for a man who is interviewing with a view to getting a post is to be as natural as his nervousness will permit.

You cannot kill nervousness altogether, and an employer does not think any the less of you for showing a little of it, and it is far better to show it than to attempt to cover it over with a lot of stupid affectation.

THE FIRST REQUISITE.

Applicants should be natural, first and foremost, for the employer is a man of experience and can see in a moment whether his visitor is hiding something.

It is equally important for a man to keep all his wits sharply about him during an interview of this description.

I remember once discussing this subject with a man who had just come from such an interview, and he told me that he remembered the very pattern of the waistcoat that his prospective employer was wearing.

At such a time the mind is naturally working at pressure, and is liable to observe useless trifles like this. It should be kept strictly in hand, and no attention should be paid to the furniture or any other exterior circumstance. Thus, and thus only, can a quick and intelligent answer be given to any question that may be put to you.

UNWISE FRANKNESS.

The skilful employer generally puts a man at his ease very quickly, so that he may study him the better, and there are many men who, when put at their ease, blurt out things that their common sense afterwards tells them they should have kept to themselves.

They will mention, for instance, that they have a very unfavourable opinion of the last firm they worked for; that they were absent from their last post a considerable time through illness and so on—they give away little facts which, though, perhaps, not important in themselves, will all go to the formation of an unfavourable impression.

Too much deference in an interview is to be avoided. The man who cringes wins no respect, and the man he is interviewing hesitates to give him work, for he feels that to do so is to yield to flattery of a certain type and not to the dictates of his reason.

On the other hand, it is essential for the applicant to be scrupulously polite. There are little points that occur, even in the short space of an interview, where politeness can be shown without being made obtrusive.

The impression which the applicant wants to leave behind him is that the interview has been pleasing. One of the first considerations of employers is that every member of their staff should be pleasant to work with, for this enables more work to be turned out.

CREATING AN IMPRESSION.

This pleasing impression is difficult to describe, and it is equally difficult to say how it may be obtained.

Probably it is got in a general way, by the applicant's obvious anxiety to obtain and keep the employment, and by his apparent fitness for the post; it comes partly also from the avoidance of little unpleasant points.

Here is an example. An employer will generally tell an applicant the good old story "I shall think it over and write to you." The sensible applicant will thank him for this courtesy and take his departure, but the indiscreet applicant will probably ask when he is likely to receive the message.

The asking of the question gives the employer the task of thinking out when the letter will be written and posted, and, quite unconsciously even

to himself, he will be a little prejudiced against the applicant who set him this task.

In business interviews such as come at a later period of a man's career, when, instead of applying for work, he is transacting some important negotiation, his first consideration should be to have all his facts at his fingers' ends.

KNOW YOUR FACTS.

The experienced business man, who knows how a certain deal has been working so far, is generally able to forecast in more or less detail the whole of any interview that may come from it. He knows how the minds of the other side will be working. This, of course, demands a good deal of experience, but there is no excuse for anyone going to an interview without having made notes of any figures that may be required in the discussion.

Whatever the nature of the interview, keep it short. It is very easy to rid yourself of a man by gripping his hand and practically shaking him out of the door while you talk pleasantly with him throughout the process. This is a hint worth remembering.

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XXXII.

A STATE OF READINESS.

"Off, right away?" queried Mark Gem of Richard one day as the latter pushed back his chair from the dinner-table and rose. "It's never a minute nowadays ye spares for an old pal."

Richard had gone into the Hare and Hounds for his dinner late on this occasion, and before the meal was finished he had the table to himself, all the other men who appreciated Mark's unsurpassed "ordinary" having departed for their various businesses.

Mark, in shirt sleeves and apron, had just come in, and he seized the opportunity to voice a grumble that had been bursting within him for expression for a long time.

"I've been so infernally busy lately," replied Richard. "What y' having?"

"Nowt, thanks," said Mark curtly.

"E—h?" exclaimed Richard on the long note of incredulity.

"I'm meanin' it. I on'y drinks wi' me friends, thank ye; them as loves me for meself alone. I advise ye to 'urry off back. I shouldn't like to see ye gettin' the bullet fur my sake."

Mark was grinning, but Richard felt a hint of a real grievance.

He sat sideways on the edge of the table and jingled the coins in his pocket.

"Got a raw patch somewhere, I see. Fire away, you old devil, and then we'll oil it."

"We'd better oil it fust," said Mark. "What's yer call?"

"Whisky and split," said Richard, sitting down again and finding his pipe.

Returning with the drinks on a tray and using a neat and appropriate expression when Richard attempted to pay, Mark drew up an armchair and fixed himself squarely in it.

"Now I want some infymation," he led off.

"Righto," said Richard.

"Time back ye used t' trust me, an' let me know 'ow things were gooin'. Now!" Mark grimaced comically; "never a ruddy word!"

Richard paused in the act of drinking, looked over his glass at the seamed face of the old prize-fighter, laughed, and drank.

"Nothing to tell," he said.

"Ho! ain't there! What about them six new machines?"

"Going strong."

"An' the new shop to put 'em in? That must ha' cost a tidy bit."

"Paid for, Mark, don't worry."

"An' trade?"

"Growing."

"Growin'!" echoed Mark disgustedly. "Don't yer git enthusiastic whatever ye do! Growin'! When I 'ear ye've bought all the land down your side of the street—to mek room for extensions later on, any fool can see."

"Who told you that?" asked Richard curtly.

"Thompson, th' property agent, o' coorse."

"Gassing in here when he was tight, I suppose?"

"Thet's it. Yer can't keep everythin' t' yerself, clever as ye are," said Mark enjoying the thrust.

"Evidently not," agreed Richard, unconcernedly. "Did he mention the figure?"

"Jake Thorn asked an' got it."

"Derwood's partner! Ah, well! Much good may it do him."



Mark took a pull at his cigar and ejected the smoke thoughtfully.

"Ye've 'eard as Derwood's got them Yankee machines runnin'?"

Richard smiled faintly.

"Ye ain't scared then? Well, I know ye ain't. Ye've heard too, I reckon as that Yank's over 'ere agen?"

"J. T. Dean?"

"That's is 'andle."

"No, I hadn't heard. When did he come?"

Mark removed his cigar and leaned over impressively.

"Over a week ago, but he ain't shifted outside that swine Derwood's ouse since 'e come." He waited, as if expecting Richard to ask how he knew, then proceeded. "Now, listen 'ere, Dick! There's money, an' there's brains, an' there's ugly hatred of ye there, me boy. They'm gooin' t' put you out or git the losin' punch theirselves."

"Oh, yes," he said impatiently. "I've said afore I know ye ain't scared, but you'm straight an' they ain't. That's where they gets the pull in the weights."

Richard puffed his pipe in silence.

"Well?" questioned Mark, anxiety in his little shrewd eyes.

"It's the beginning of a big tussle, Mark; that's all," answered Richard at length. "I've known it would come."

He puffed on for another interval, and Mark got an impression that behind his self-possession Richard was grave, grave but clear of alarm.

"Yes," repeated Richard, "I've known it would come." For an instant something gleamed in his eyes. "And I'm ready."

"Struth!" exclaimed Mark suddenly. He had met that look once or twice in the ring and knew what it meant. "A fight to a finish, eh? Gloves off!"

He rubbed his hands and beamed ecstatic anticipation.

Richard laughed and sat up.

Communicativeness came as hard to him as it does to all men who have a strong and self-sufficient personality, but for once he would talk to this man whom he could trust as himself.

"A fight," he said. "You're right. But it's only the beginning so far—what you'd call the first round, when you stalk your man and spar. They've been stalking me, and I've wondered whose was the strange mind behind it. I felt one there. You've told me. It's Dean."

"What's happened the last week?" he went on energetically. "A regular catalogue. Half-a-dozen of my clerks suddenly taken ill, of course, just at a time when they're wanted. Clerks are an important wheel in the machine, Mark, and don't forget it. It runs slow without 'em; and another thing, you can't keep 'em from knowing some of the inner working of the mechanism. Metaphor's mixed, but you know what I mean. Queer, six of 'em together! What if they've been engaged to do secret work elsewhere—giving away all they know?"

"Next. Discontent among the men, mostly the best hands at the machines. Others away. That singular epidemic's spread to some of them, too. Foreman's surly. Got something on his mind, and ain't sure if it's politic to pitch it off. Jameson—you know Jameson, the engineer?—I fired him out only to-day. His temper's always been his weakness."

"Next. Cashier asks me yesterday whether I'll give him a five years' agreement. He confessed candidly he'd had a better offer. I asked no questions, said no, and gave him the option to go or stay there and then. He stayed—but he's doubtful."

"Next. Another epidemic—accidents this time. And to the machines, mark you, not the men. I was at it all last night putting right a couple with a broken gear. Accidents—or a bar of iron shoved in the right place!"

"What's it mean? They've been goin' at them. They're being bought over my head. I'll have the word, Mark, dollars and Dean."

He gave a short, grim laugh.

"'Ere," said Mark concernedly. "I'll have another drink."

That was his invariable preparation for a—since he had gone out of training.

"Sit still," said Richard. "Here's another move. My customers have been comin' in. He felt in his pocket. "My agent's been in the country have sent me a score of them. You can lay odds every man on my side has received one."

"Ow?" asked Mark, following it all in.

"A sick clerk, or probably before he got to Dean's being here isn't where it starts. The thing's been cut and dried by mail long before I'm a jackass. However, its plain some of the prices and terms with every customer are now in the hands of the D's."

"Yer must have been a ruddy fool to trust yer clerks," put in Mark.

"Bosh! you have to trust men to make 'em trustworthy."

"Don't it look like it," said Mark, scornfully.

"Dollars slaughter principles," retorted Richard briefly. "You've only got to glance at Ann's finance to prove it. But about this circular, needn't read it. It's a clever and elaborate paragement of me. It entreats buyers to be affectionate it reads at this part—entreats them not to accept as authentic the tests that come from the works that at present supply the made chain. That refers to breaking straws, know, and suggests that I've been in the supplying false test certificates."

"Then—listen to this!—'Every length of chain is Government tested and officially signed. Every link of it is British made by British workmen.' So's mine, on both counts, but a lying hist takes a lot of throttling."

"Here's another tub-thumping phrase sweating and such-like means of capturing the market." Then a dexterous working of the

assertion that, though they don't sweat, bubbling over with the milk of human kindness towards the whole of creation, they can guarantee to undersell my productions no matter what figure I quote, and, of course, provide an infinitely superior article. Signed Derwood and Co."

He folded the paper, and replaced it in his pocket.

"The swines!" commented Mark with feeling.

"Business," observed Richard. "I don't grumble. Some of it's according to rule, some not. It's something to tell from the other man's eye that he's got a brick in his glove."

He stopped and looked at his watch.

"Arf a mo," said Mark quickly. "Ye've said nothin' o' your game."

Richard gazed at him speculatively for a moment.

"Please yerself," added Mark, huffy at his rent doubt of him.

"No, it isn't that, you ass!" said Richard. "I was just thinking out how it could be made."

"Are you free at eight o'clock to-night?"

"Free now, if you like."

"No, it won't do. I'm busy till the end of Sheep-street, by the canal, at eight. And there are other reasons. Meet me at the end of Sheep-street, by the canal, at eight. And not a word to a soul."

Mark nodded vigorously and grinned.

At the appointed time and place he was there, stunted shadow in the surrounding gloom of the unlit street.

Five minutes went by, then the sound of feet, and another shadow joined him.

"This way," said Richard, turning down a short cutting that led to the canal, and for several minutes they went along the towing-path in silence.

Mark curbing his curiosity with unwonted

"You remember the foundry Guest used to run down here," asked Richard, casually, "the one he had in the old days?"

"Well enough. It's bin idle fer a good many years."

"It isn't idle now," said Richard, "it's mine."

Mark, figuratively beginning to see daylight, chuckled audibly.

"There are good many ways of fighting," observed his companion presently. "One is to carry the war into the enemy's camp, another to have reserves he knows nothing about. I'm doing both."

"The enemy in Derwood's camp are the men he's buying from me. He can have 'em. I've been paying higher wages than anybody in the district up to now, and got a higher class of work. The only man who can better that is the man who's got a better machine. Derwood's Yankee machine can't produce chain as good or as cheap as mine. I know, because I've studied it. I had the option of buying it long before he did."

"Then Derwood's sort o' wastin' ammunition," Mark summed up intelligently.

"It's a pastime he's rather good at," Richard agreed.

"But there's Dean," added Mark.

"Yes, there's Dean." Richard's voice was cool. "And before this tussle's over we shall say that a good many times."

"You'll stay the distance, Dick," said Mark confidently.

"I hope so. Anyhow, there'll only be one firm producing our class of chain by machinery when it's over."

"I'll lay odds it's yours," said Mark loyally.

"Well, I won't take you," returned Richard, with a subdued laugh.

"They're in strong; there's no getting away from that."

"The times my capital," admitted Richard in an ordinary tone, "but there's always that liking for wasting ammunition."

"An' this 'ere reserve force?" put in Mark with an intonation of glee.

"Yes, you shall inspect that presently," said Richard.

Though by mutual consent they ceased talking, and for over half an hour they strode along briskly.

It was a dark, moonless night. On one side of them lay the canal, like a stretch of black ribbon, but streaked dimly with light in places; on the other side a low, sparse hedge, and beyond, waste fields, with an occasional tree.

Moulden was behind, nearly three miles away, its flame-lit chimneys throwing a baleful glow on the sky. Distant thumps and tappings betokened factories still at work.

Along the outline of the disused factory loomed into view.

"Here we are," said Richard, passing through a dark yard. "Pick your way. There's no end of these bricks about."

The foundry was a conglomeration of dilapidated buildings, with one low and long building towards the back.

Towards this Richard led the way, and stopping at the door, inserted a key, and entered.

"Stand there a minute, Mark," he said, closing and latching the door.

Mark stood in pitch darkness, listening to the sound of his retreating footsteps. Evidently it was a spacious building, for the sound died away.

When a match flickered into life, and Richard came back, carrying a lamp.

"Along here to the far end," he said, and Mark detected a faint ring of excitement in his voice.

Mark followed, and Richard held up the lamp and revealed a towering structure of iron and shining steel.

"You see," he said.

"What is it?" asked Mark in an undertone.

"The Improved Selby Automatic Chain Machine," replied Richard. "Automatic, Mark!"

Mark let out a long, subdued whistle.

Then he slapped his knee, and, finding that in-
stant, dealt Richard a dexterous jab on the
kneys.

"You devil!" he said delightedly,

"It's finished," said Richard, and he took a deep breath. "Finished and perfect."

"Old the lamp 'igher, Dick. It's a knock-out! The real gem upper-cut! Struth! I don't know much, but that 'ere silent thing ses the rest."

He gave a chuckle, then stared for a full minute.

"Sort o' meks yer thrill, Dick, eh!"

"Gad! yes!" Richard jerked out.

He lowered the lamp, and walked round the machine, talking obscure technicalities, careless of the fact that they would not be understood. And Mark followed exultantly.

"All the parts delivered here in the dead of night," Richard was saying, "and the whole thing erected by myself. It's perfect. I've tried it, tried it here, while that blasted Derwood and his Yankee twister have been manufacturing their dirty schemes to break me."

"It's perfect," he said again, turning on Mark fiercely, "and, by gad, it won't be me that'll break!"

He controlled the outburst as suddenly as it had begun, and looked rather shame-faced.

"There's room for three more, you see," he went on, shining the light about. "The beds are all ready for them, they're ordered and almost completed, and they'll be installed in a month from now. Then I'm re-building the whole place round them, and running the other works under the supervision of Graill."

"Meantime, the D's can circularise and bribe, and when they've weeded out the rotters among my men—those of the right sort will stick by me, same as I've done by them—when they've sunk capital in more machines than they'll ever get orders enough to work, then, Mark, the price of chain is going down, down, down to a price hitherto undreamt of, a price that will give Derwood, Dean and Co. blue fits. And with that—he swept an arm out towards his machine, the beloved child of his brain—with the help of that, I'll be making profit all the time."

"You'll be a millionaire afore ye're done," said Mark with conviction. "It's a 'underd to one on. That is," he added anxiously, "if they don't blow the thing to 'ell fust. Once let 'em get wind of what's in store for 'em, an' they'll stick at nothin'."

"God help Derwood if he tries!" muttered Richard to himself.

Then he walked towards a corner and pulled aside a curtain.

"That's where I'm sleeping just now," he said. "I'm running no risks this fight. Now, come on, The less light that's seen here the better. I'll go part of the way home with you; then I'm coming back here."

[Another of these stories will appear next week—
EDITOR.]

SHAVING IN COLD WEATHER.

There are many men who are continually complaining that they can never give themselves a decent shave in cold weather; they blame their faces, but it is really the fault of a chilled razor.

To sharpen your razor in cold weather, dip it first into boiling, or very hot water, wipe it dry, and then strop it while heated.

This will cause the blade to take on the keenest edge, and make possible an easy and comfortable shave.

Great care should always be taken to wipe the razor dry before it is laid aside.

If you give it a final stropping the oil on the strop will help to prevent rust.

BRITISH HOMES.

The directors of the British Homes Assurance Corporation, Limited, which was established in 1897, announce that the change of name to the City Life Assurance Company, Limited, unanimously approved by the shareholders, has now been sanctioned by the Board of Trade. The object of the alteration is to more clearly express the main object of the company's business, viz., that of life assurance, the issuing of house-purchase certificates having been discontinued some time ago.

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TALES OF THE MESS.

SOME ANTE-ROOM STORIES AND RULES.

When I joined my regiment I was young, almost painfully young. I was, in fact, only a trifle over eighteen, with about three hairs on my upper lip (Ah, how assiduously I tended them!), and the other fellows, even my brother subalterns, seemed fearfully old to me. In those days a man of forty was a patriarch to me—of course I know now, or at least I lay to my soul the flattering unktion, that he is a young man, indeed, not even middle-aged.

Anyway, I felt terribly young, and after luncheon on my first day in mess I determined to do something to show that I was not so juvenile as I looked, and therefore I more or less ostentatiously produced my badge of manhood—my meerschaum pipe, and lit up.

"THAT FILTHY CLAY!"

A few seconds later I very nearly smashed my beloved pipe to atoms by dropping it, when, in a kindly but decisive voice, the adjutant said to me, "Chinstrap, young feller me lad, we don't want to be rough on you, but you mustn't smoke that filthy clay in here. It's against the mess rules, so put it away, like a good little man, and have a cigar with me."

No wonder I gaped and gasped. My much-prized meerschaum, to colour which had cost me much money and no little internal tribulation, stigmatised as a "filthy clay."

But so it was. According to the mess rules of my regiment meerschaums were classed with clay pipes, which were not allowed in or about the ante-room.

As a matter of fact, I think the real objection to meerschaums was that they savoured of ostentation, and anything of that nature was, and is, severely sat upon in most regiments.

That was my first introduction to mess etiquette, the partly written, partly unwritten law which governs the social life of a regimental mess, and fortunately for myself I had the sense to spend the next few days "mugging up" the printed law—the mess rules—and listening to the adjutant's friendly tips on the code, unwritten, but none the less binding for that.

THE JUSTIFICATION OF IT.

To the layman, mess etiquette may seem trivial, even vexatious, and he may ask why should grown men bother about such finicking things as meerschaum pipes; but mess etiquette makes for good manners, consideration for others, and general and individual comfort.

I have explained the objection to meerschaums, but why, it may be asked, should not a man smoke a clay pipe in the ante-room (pipes of any kind are forbidden in the mess or dining room) if he wants to? Well, a clay pipe is particularly conducive to spitting, and, further, a man who smokes a clay generally uses strong tobacco, which may quite possibly be offensive to other members of the mess.

Strictly speaking, an officer is not supposed to smoke in the ante-room tobacco, cigars, or cigarettes not supplied by the mess, and while we were

tobacco has many great qualities, it is best smoked out-of-doors.

And so with other mess rules—there is really nothing tyrannical about them, though some are obsolete. For example, the rule which forbids the drawing of a sword within the precincts of the mess clearly dates back to the days of duelling, when it was necessary to prevent bloodshed, and it now survives only as a trap for newly-joined subalterns, who guilelessly accept the guileful invitation to measure their blade against another (but undrawn) one.

In this connection I remember an amusing case of the biter being bit. It was Biggs, dear, old fat-headed Biggs, whom some of my readers may do me the honour to remember; he had trapped the "new boy" and was telling us all about it.

"And, you know," he said, frightfully pleased with himself, for he was usually the butt, "the silly young ass drew his sword just like this—" alas! carried away, Biggs illustrated the incident, whipped out his own "toasting fork," and loud and prolonged were the shouts of "Drinks, drinks!"

"Drinks" is the usual penalty for breaches of mess etiquette, and formerly this meant champagne or at least wine, but nowadays, in the ante-room at least, ordinary drinks only are demanded.

MESS CRIMES.

Mess—that is, dinner—is a parade, commanded by the senior officer present. He, however, would only exercise his authority in serious cases, such as a "fray, quarrel, or disorder," and offences against mess etiquette are dealt with by the President or Vice-President for the week, who have full power to fine or otherwise penalise even offenders senior to themselves.

The most common crimes are mentioning a lady by name, discussing political or religious subjects, swearing, or talking "shop."

In regard to "shop," I dare say some people will hold up their hands and say, "There you are. The Army officer does not take his profession seriously"; but I ask them to remember this, if you introduce "shop," you at once also introduce discipline and authority.

A junior may flatly contradict his senior on some such point as, say, the best food for a fox-terrier, without offence being given or taken—his opinion on fox-terriers is as good as the other's—but on any military or regimental matter the senior must officially be right, and to dispute his ruling would be disrespectful.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP AND DISCIPLINE.

Mess is a parade, but it is also a social gathering, where, so far as possible, all ranks and ages meet on an equal footing, and to introduce professional subjects would be to destroy the good fellowship which is characteristic of most army messes.

So far as that goes, the officer who yearns to talk "shop" is at liberty to do so as soon as the after-dinner wine has been passed round the table, when all mess-room rules are relaxed.

If an officer accidentally breaks a glass or any other article of mess furniture he has to pay twice its value, but if he does so in the course of skylarking, then he is mulcted in six times the original cost, and I have dismal memories of having to pay for six new card tables, owing to an entirely misguided attempt to dance a Highland fling on one.

In my time an officer was fined for marrying, the rule being that the more junior his rank the more dearly had he to pay for matrimony, thus a second lieutenant would be fined £100, a lieutenant £75, a captain £50, a major £25, while a colonel was allowed to go scot-free.

There was a good deal to be said for the practice, for when an officer marries he is more or less lost to the mess, and many married officers means heavy expense for the bachelors, who have to keep the mess going on small numbers.

CHINSTRAP.

SELECTING A CAMERA.

A NEW FEATURE.

[I have so frequently been asked by readers for information on matters photographic that I have decided to set apart this column, for a few weeks at least, to dealing with this fascinating and sometimes profitable hobby.

I have arranged with my contributor to supply free by post any advice which my readers may desire on this subject. Where a postal reply is desired, a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed. Address all inquiries to "The Finner, care of THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

I trust that those interested in this hobby will avail themselves of the expert advice I am placing at their disposal.—EDITOR.]

My notes this week are written with a view to guiding the beginner when selecting his apparatus. The first thing the photographic beginner has to do, after he has made up his mind that he is going to take up this fascinating hobby, is to determine what size he will work—that is to say, how large his pictures are to be, and this quite apart from the question of using plates or films.

In considering the size to be worked, it must be borne in mind that the larger the plate or film, the greater the weight to be carried into the field, the greater the difficulty of manipulation, and the heavier the expense at every turn.

Many of my friends have begun by purchasing a five-shilling outfit, and by the time they become proficient photographers with this, they have gathered together the necessary particulars to enable them to make up their mind as to what style of camera to purchase for larger work.

A list of the various styles of cameras would fill this column, but those most commonly used come under one of two headings. First we have the stand camera. This is, perhaps, the best all-round camera, but it is not very much in favour owing to the weight and bulkiness of the apparatus.

Next we have hand cameras, which take the thousand and one different styles of camera which can be held in the hand during exposure instead of on a stand.

Most hand cameras in use at the present time are so constructed that they can be used as stand cameras at short notice. The most popular hand camera is undoubtedly that which takes roll films, its advantage being that it can be loaded and unloaded in the daylight, whereas a plate camera can only be opened in a dark room.

All the styles of cameras are good, but it depends entirely upon the amateur as to which style would suit his purpose best. The reader wishing to take up photography would be well advised to consult a friend who is a photographer and get his advice on the subject; failing this, any good-class photographic dealer would show him the various styles and explain to him the differences.

It should not be forgotten, however, that, while roll film cameras cost rather more than plate cameras, they do away with the necessity of the dark room, and, particularly to young men in diggings, this is a decided advantage.

Most good dealers are ready to lend a camera for a small sum weekly. A good plan is to hire each style in turn for a few days, and find out for yourself which you prefer.

Having made up your mind as to the style of camera and having purchased one, you would be well advised to secure one of the many excellent handbooks published on photography for beginners.

It is most important that all plates, films, chemicals should be absolutely fresh, and for this reason the beginner should deal with some good-class firm having a large turnover, rather than with a small dealer, who must necessarily keep his stock on hand for some time.

As to the merits of the many photographic plates and papers on the market, most of them are very good, but as to which is the best depends entirely on the class of work for which they are intended. The dealer will be pleased to advise you in cases of this kind.

THE FINNER.

BRIEF REPLIES.

In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.

W. C. (Liverpool).—Don't go asking other people to subscribe to your club. If you cannot afford to pay for your own amusements, do without them. Charity is a worthy thing when offered to people who cannot afford to run a football club, content yourself with running or walking or even with knocking off the heads of poppies in the country fields, or with casting pebbles into the sea and watching them skip.

T. B. (Durham).—You ask for the names of tobaccos that do not burn the tongue. More depends upon the bore of the pipe than upon the tobacco. Get a pipe with a good wide bore, and then you can smoke almost anything without fear of injury to your tongue.

A. E. (London).—Any smooth bone will do to get a surface on leather. A deer bone is the ideal, but a mutton bone will answer quite well, and even the homely toothbrush handle is not to be despised.

H. M. (Market Harborough).—You will overcome the trouble of fixing your tie with a double collar if you will see that the tie rests near the bottom of the collar and not up at the top. Something also depends on the fitting of the collar itself.

R. S. T. (Castleford).—The "King's Own" referred to in a contemporary as suffering from official oppression is certainly not the "King's Own" mentioned in the Kernahan stories. The one is a Regular regiment, the other a Territorial.

F. C. H. (Freemantle, W.A.).—Delighted to learn that you feel that the paper gives you a breath of the Old Country. Thanks for your information that none except those with a knowledge of farming should come to Western Australia. This news ought to be useful to many of our readers.

L. R. (Gateshead).—Put in a good word for us with your newsagent and get him to show the bill. Those newsagents who have been progressive enough to cotton on to us have done very well out of the paper, but there are still some who work on methods that are behind the times. If you can get them to show our bill, they will thank you next week for the number of copies they have sold through it. If your newsagent wants some specimen copies to distribute amongst likely buyers of the paper, we shall be happy to send him a parcel, carriage paid.

"MARTIN" (Chester).—Far from thinking any the less of you for being fond of birds, we consider that you are a very kind-hearted chap. To nurse that blackbird with the broken wing shows that you are a thorough sportsman, for a sportsman is always kind. The best of luck to you, and may the bird soon get well!

A. G. (Hornsea).—We are sorry to hear that you object to Mr. Crombie's stories. Is it just possible that one of them caught you on the raw?

R. S. H. (Hull).—To have one's shirt cuffs always trim certainly demands considerable expenditure. There is no way whatsoever of patching up a cuff that has become frayed. The only thing to do is to send the garment back to the place where you bought it and to have new cuffs fitted on. The cuffs and the fitting will cost you about 1s. 6d.

B. S. (Huddersfield).—Most of the standard systems of shorthand are good, but surely it is in becoming proficient.

T. E. (Bolton).—If you don't like the girl, stop calling on her. She may be, as you say, a very excellent pal, but if you feel that your friendship has ceased to be Platonic, you are playing with fire if you continue it.

P. R. (Methven).—If you are troubled with corns it is certainly advisable to have your boots made to measure, for in this way you can secure ease just at the places where ready-made boots are likely to pinch. The cost is not much more than for ready-made boots.



A COUNTRY INCIDENT.

That there was something wrong I could tell long before I reached the scene. The huge cart, even at the distance of a mile along the road, seemed to have a curious tilt that suggested disaster. Moreover, the driver and his mate were down upon the road, standing still with a sort of resigned helplessness that was obvious even as I approached easily on the bicycle.

And when within two hundred yards of the van I saw the whole cause of the trouble. The off-side rear wheel of the wagon had come off, the laden van had tilted back, and the broken wheel rolled upon the road, four of its spokes snapped and an ugly split in the wooden rim near the join of the iron tyre.

How long it had served its owner I did not know, nor did I ask, but here it was at last, worn out, and refusing to go another turn upon the country road.

HELPLESS.

The two men in charge had not, at the moment of my arrival, come to any conclusion as to what was best to be done. The sudden shock had upset their usually slow thinking capacity, and here they were saying never a word to one another, contemplating the disaster. Indeed, it seemed as if they were silently enjoying the excitement, though they would have done so with greater keenness and perhaps with freer comment had it been any other wagon than their own.

I was out for an easy day's ride, time I had left behind me in the town, and chance had thrown quite an entertaining incident in my path.

At the scene of the breakdown I dismounted. The sound of my voice asking how they were going to manage about repairs seemed to bring both men back to the point that something had to be done. It was a lonely road, four miles one way to a village, where I knew there was no blacksmith or wheelwright, and seven miles forward to a small town, where probably the only assistance available was to be obtained.

It was with no little surprise that they took my offer to ride forward and send back help, and though of actual thanks neither man uttered a word, I knew quite well by their relieved tone that they regarded me as something of a heaven-sent deliverer from an awkward predicament, from which they were uncertain how to escape.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

However, there was nothing more pressing to prevent me from rendering a slight service, and, having taken details of the damage, given me with endless talk of nave, and spoke, and rim, and bolt, I started out on my errand of assistance.

It was not long after that I found myself on the road back to the breakdown, having enlisted the services of the wheelwright in the little town. He had hastily gathered a few tools together and harnessed the mare to the trap.

One thing we carried that was not provided by him. Having decided that I would see the thing through, and knowing the impossibility of finding refreshment near the disaster, I got together a supply of bread and cheese and a jar of ale, and loaded these also into the cart.

A WAYSIDE BREAKDOWN

Then we set out for what I was determined should be a picnic so far as I was concerned.

As we drew near the scene of the breakdown I saw that the men had not been idle. The two horses, showing not the remotest trace of concern for the dire distress of their drivers, but rather pleased at this unexpected rest, had already been taken out of the shafts and were comfortably munching away with their heads deep in the nose-bags. They were solemn and unconcerned, and I envied their philosophic calm in the midst of the trouble.

The three-wheeled wagon had been shifted to the roadside to allow the occasional carts to pass in safety, and the drivers were sitting upon a heap of stones smoking with almost as much unconcern as the horses were showing.

It was no mean load they had in the cart. Many sacks of flour were loaded high above one another, destined for the largest farm in the district, some eight miles away. The wheelwright set to work at once, having first satisfied himself that his services were absolutely necessary and that his prospect of payment was bright.

Everybody knew the farmer whose cart it was.

AN IMPROMPTU PICNIC.

And so for the next three hours those of us—the carters and myself, and a labourer from the fields attracted by the unusual excitement on the high road—who had no technical skill took our seats on the heap of stones and watched the cunning wheelwright do his difficult work, while we lunched on the stores which I had brought from the town.

The two carters seemed to partake of my hospitality with the same philosophic calm with which they had contemplated the wreck of their wagon. Without a trace of ingratitude, they yet seemed to consider it the most natural thing in the world that a total stranger should cycle seven miles and return laden with provisions for their benefit—perhaps because they would have done the same for me.

It was a delightful afternoon that I spent. Few things are more interesting to watch than the exhibition of skill such as the wheelwright showed. Every cut and turn and twist of his tools was deft and precise and sure.

In his long leathern apron, with sleeves rolled up, he was the picture of the ideal craftsman, and we sat, open-mouthed and entertained, scarcely uttering a word, but silently admiring the skill that was lifting my friends the carmen out of an awkward hole.

NEW WHEELS FOR OLD.

From the fragments of the old wheel what looked like a brand new one seemed to grow mysteriously. Spokes were fitted into sockets, rims were fitted and fixed, and a very neat job indeed was made of it.

And then at last, patched up though it was, the wheel was once more fixed upon the axle, and the wagon was ready.

The wheelwright drained the last two glasses from our jar, and well he had earned it. The horses were brought back to the shafts again, and after a short experimental yard or two the wagon once again went on its way, the wheels humming and creaking merrily as if they had just come fresh from the factory, and then the wagon turned the corner of the road and was lost to sight.

Not, perhaps, an exciting day, you may say, but still it had its interests.

Three things I shall never forget in connection with it. The first was the humorous unconcern of the horses, munching contentedly, while the carters were struck dumb with astonishment and puzzled as to how to mend matters.

The second was the marvellous skill of the country wheelwright; and the third was my own wonder that a broken wagon wheel had never before struck me as a source of entertainment.

I am now on the look-out for breakdowns when I ride into the country.

J. G. WALKER.



THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A LEGGING TIP.

Very often one finds that leggings of all except the spring-fastening variety are apt to crease across the front, or to curve so as to project above the ankle.

A useful tip for getting the outer flap to lie flat against the leg is to extract the "spring," which is really only a flat strip of metal, from an old pair of leggings, and, cutting a slit inside the new ones, to insert it in a similar position, closing the slit again with a stitch or two.

If, however, you have not an old pair of spring leggings which you can thus mutilate, you can get just as good a result with any flat piece of metal—for instance, half one of those spring abominations which are sold in the streets and are intended to be put under your collar to keep the flaps of your coat in place, the main drawback being that they fly all over the place when you open your coat.

Or a good stiff piece of whalebone will answer the purpose, and that is not very difficult to procure.

KEEPING TROUSERS TRIM.

There is a great deal in the way you put your trousers away when their "off-time" comes round, and you can do much to prolong their life and keep their appearance by taking a little care over it, even though you do not use a press.

It is hardly necessary to say that clothes should always be brushed before being put away, and not when they are about to be put on again.

With trousers that have been pressed turned up and are always worn so, one is very liable to omit to turn down the bottoms and brush the inside of the crease.

I have seen a particularly careless friend of mine turn his down after many weeks, and reveal a sort of museum—dust, grass seed, grit, even pins and small stones were among the *débris* that fell to the floor or clung to the cloth.

This is clearly not very good for the trousers, and is easily avoided by an occasional thorough brushing.

When folding the trousers be particularly careful to use the same crease each time.

The usual way to fold trousers is to bring the two front brace buttons together, and the trousers should then hang in the proper folds. But it is as well to make doubly sure by then laying the trousers down and taking them by the ankles, where the crease is usually most pronounced.

Hold them upside down and shake them out. Then stretch them by pulling them out at the back of the knees, and fold them across once, just above the knee.

If trousers are treated in this manner when taken off, if only for the night, their appearance can be kept for twice as long even without a press, and after a short time the whole process becomes so automatic as to take very little time.

BUTTONHOLES.

A flower in the buttonhole always gives a kind of finish to a man's appearance, though it is worse than useless if the clothes are not neat and smart, so as to live up to it.

But it is important that the colour of the flower should not clash with that of your tie. Many men put a flower in their buttonhole without a thought of this, and will calmly wear a red rose with a purple tie or some such horrible combination, forgetting entirely that tie and buttonhole come side by side on the most conspicuous part of their persons.

If you are in the habit of wearing buttonholes, a



small glass tube which will hold just enough water to keep the flower fresh for a day is a useful possession.

Another tip which is used by many buttonhole-wearers has the advantage of avoiding the necessity for a pin to fix the stalk in place. A narrow strip of elastic may be sewn across to take the place of the pin, or, still better, a piece of stuff may be stitched on so as to make a sort of pocket into which the stalk is thrust through the buttonhole, and which keeps it flat against the back of the lapel.

HAT BRIMS.

The days of the absurdly narrow brim seem happily to be coming to an end. It may be the effect of the "Merry Widow" hat upon masculine headgear, or it may be a return to common sense on the part

of mankind after a lapse of a year or two. The tendency was noticeable in the straw hat of the past season, for the vast majority of those worn had a considerably broader brim than has been the fashion for some years.

After all it is but natural. The brim of a hat is primarily intended as a protection against the sun. Nature's expedient was the eyebrows, but man, not content with hair to protect his head and eyebrows to shade his eyes, must needs invent hats, so that in the course of centuries the eyebrows have become so small as to be more ornamental than useful.

The wearing of a good wide hat brim has therefore become actually necessary, and there is no doubt that it looks better not only on a straw hat, but on a bowler or a silk hat.

The beaver of Georgian days was a far more becoming head-covering than the chimney-pot hat of to-day, and the nearer we can approach to it and its broad brim the better.

The fashionable bowler of this season has an almost flat brim instead of a curly one, but even that need not be so absurdly narrow as it has been so often worn of late years.

TO KEEP SHOE LACES TIED.

I have already referred to one safe method of preventing shoe laces from coming untied.

Here is another remedy for laces which prove a source of trouble to their wearer.

Make a bow, then insert a buttonhook underneath the centre of the bow, and draw one loop and one end through. By this means the bow is practically turned upside down, and thereby prevented from coming undone.

FANCY BUTTONS.

A detail of dress in which a man has a great opportunity of displaying his good or bad taste is the style of fancy button which he wears on his waistcoat.

For a white dress waistcoat the neatest button, if something more ornate than mother-of-pearl is required, is the pearl button with a band of gold or coloured enamel round the edge and a little cross of gold wire in the centre.

For a fancy waistcoat worn in the daytime I have seen very attractive buttons made of polished agate or onyx and similar stones.

A set of these makes a most useful present, as they will last a lifetime, and if a sufficiently non-committal colour is chosen, they can be fitted on to one waistcoat after another.

For a tinted evening waistcoat or a white cloth morning one, a very suitable kind of button is a bluish-grey pearl one.

On thick winter waistcoats very small buttons of twisted leather often look very well.

The things to avoid, however, are buttons of some kind of cheap composition, or metal ones that look as if they were painted.

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DRESS.

Brown suit, 36 chest, 4 nearly new shirts, 2 pairs cuffs, 3 vests, 2 white slips, 1 pair blue serge trousers, 6 pairs fancy socks, 14 silk ties, 15 collars, all in splendid condition; the lot to clear, 30s.; a bargain; too cheap for approval.—Box 1224, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.
Suit Case, 24in., solid leather, for sale; used once.—Box 1213, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.
Wanted, lounge suits or morning suits, fit man 5ft. 9in., chest 38in., waist 33in., inside leg 32in.; suits must be in good condition; would take gentleman's suits quarterly; private; no dealers.—Box 1222, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.
Sell.—3 Pairs Boots, sevens, 4s. 6d.; Strong, eights, 5s.; little worn; genuine.—H. Atherton, Law-Penny, Begelly, Pembrokeshire.
For the Modern Mac see advt., Dudley, page 24.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Set of heavy weights, cheap, together or separate.—Billis, Newport Road, Middlesbrough.
Genuine bargains, must clear. Pure-bred, all-white bull terrier bitch, 3 months; 10s. Grand pure-bred Sandow developer, practically new; 8s. 6d. Chest expander; 5s. Rifle (Boncall), three sights, accurate kill, 200 yards; 35s. Grand double-barrel gun, practically new, Birmingham make; £5. Winchester repeater rifle, 22 bore; 30s. All in good order.—Hallet, 8, Mount Pleasant, Bilston.
Wanted, nickel-plated revolver, 6 chambers, must be in good condition and perfect working order. State full particulars and price.—Box 1216, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.
Jujitsu (illus. book, 3d.), boxing, exercises (curative, corrective), personal and postal tuition; lowest fees; outfits supplied.—Volunteer Instructor Smith, 81, High Road, Chiswick, W.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Light Ralli car, rubber tyres; £5 10s., or would exchange for dogcart.—Write Box 1225, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SADDLERY.

Gentleman's pigskin riding saddle, stirrups, girths, complete, good condition; 25s., bargain.—Box 1227, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.
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Gentleman's Bicycle, this season's Crabbe, 3-speed gear, excellent condition, bargain; 4 guineas; worth double.—Box 1217, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Bull Terrier dog puppy, 12 weeks old, pedigree, sound and healthy, marked head; first 30s. has him. A bargain.—C. Thorpe, Ferndale, Pownall Crescent, Colchester.
Champion pedigree Airedale dog, 10 months, splendid specimen, faultless; £2.—Walford, 15, Chesterfield Road, St. Andrew's Park, Bristol.
Old English bobtail bitch, 14 months, pedigree; £1.—Lomas, Hazlewood Hall, Derby.

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Prize English and Dutch rabbits, sale or exchange.—Write for particulars, Reg. Milburn, Hutton Rudby, N. Yorkshire.
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I will exchange field-glass with compass inserted for small stamp collection.—Box 1220, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Mandoline, fine Italian, case, tutor, and pitch-pipe. New condition.—Box 1215, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.
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Good Handwriting. Complete lessons of new simple method. Postal order 1s.—B. Bargh, 2, Broomhall Road, Old Whittington, near Chesterfield.
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Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 685, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.
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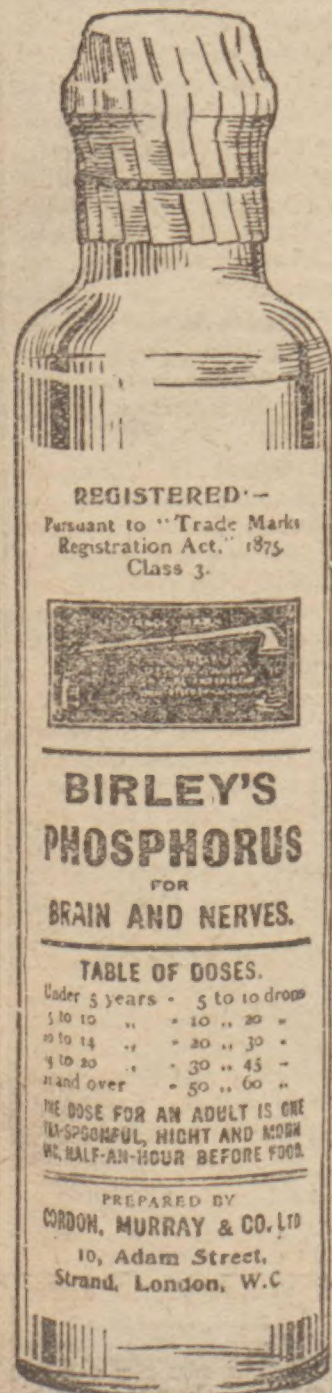
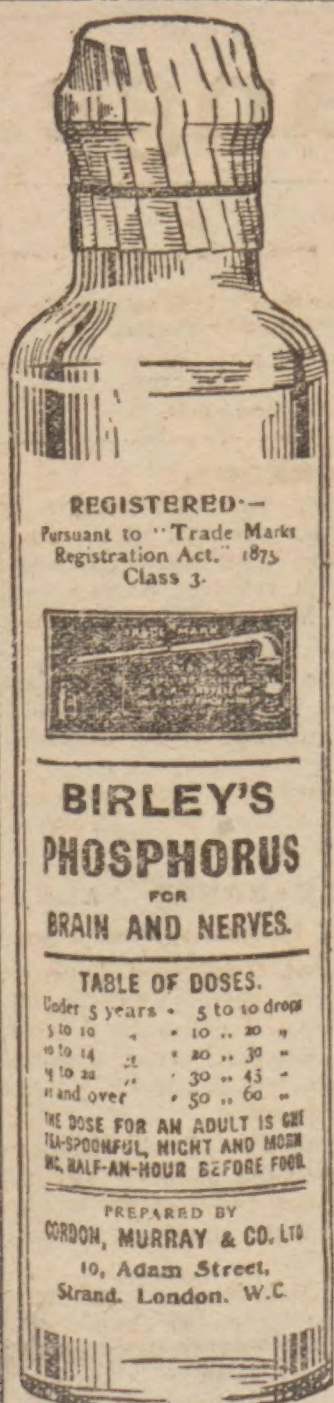
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